# The Saturday Review of Literature

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HERBERT GORMAN

"The best of all is the principal character, the Revolution itself, roaring, and crashing, and sweating all through the book. The noise of it is continually in your ears, the smell of it in your nostrils. . . . Mr. Gorman has dealt superbly with it and yet frugally" . . .

*(See page 6)*

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# Jane Austen: Artist on Ivory

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

JANE AUSTEN, who died a hundred and eighteen years ago, brought the English novel to a point nearer perfection than it has reached since. As a form, the novel has several parts or aspects — social photography, charted emotion, dialogue, delineation of people. Each of these has been made, from time to time, by (in her sense) "respectable" novelists his or her main province. It is possible to give a fair, if flattish, picture of life by approaching one's subject ably on any one of these sides. But Jane Austen's ability was comprehensive: she did more than approach a subject, she surrounded it. Thus her novels are novels in the most classic sense.

JANE AUSTEN

Their Englishness is, moreover, their peculiar triumph. The English novel has, on the whole, suffered from having been written after writers' glory in being English had begun to decline. The most minor Elizabethan play has a quality—a kind of absoluteness or thoroughgoingness — that the most distinguished novel too often lacks. ("Wuthering Heights" is the best exception to this.) There is a great drop in pressure: greater, I think, than the change of medium—prose for verse—accounts for. In this field, the nineteenth-century Russians succeeded to what properly should have been the English heritage: heroicness, a kind of overbearing spirituality. Tolstoy is in the succession of Shakespeare, Dostoievsky of Webster. English novelists, whether consciously or unconsciously, wear their nationality as a shackle rather than as a decoration of honor. Moral strife is, largely, their subject: it is the greatest of subjects, but in approaching it they suffer from moral cramp. With the close of the eighteenth century, French classical influence with its restraints gone, fancy, let loose again, showed a good deal of weakness. Enforced form had bolstered this weakness up. But now columns gave place to arches and tracery: one no longer built to enclose light but to cast gothic shadows. Life is always impinged upon by a literary fashion, and Jane Austen saw round her a world in which, genteel and orderly as it was, the new sensibility began to luxuriate. On what promised to be a kind of garden jungle, a sinister dusk of ferns, she imposed her two twin orders, Elegance and Propriety. Qualities one would be prepared, in the last resort, to die for, that one would be prepared, at least, to sacrifice a life to, take on an ideality of their own. Her sense of values was more than positive; it would have been passionate once put to the proof. The unchangingness of her characters' moral color, the unswervingness of their pursuit of an aim, would make them major, apart from anything else. Her people are so relentlessly thoroughgoing—Anne Eliot in her regret, Miss Bates in her power to bore, Fanny in her humility, Mr. Darcy in his pride, Elinor in her stability, Harriet in her goosishness, Mrs. Bennett in her desire to get her girls off, Emma in her determination to rule—that she creates, in the heart of the mannered Regency, a muted Elizabethan world of her own. On the polite plane, violence has its equivalent. Witty, detached, engaging, and travelling lightly, her pen has been dipped in the purest English ink. "Persuasion" and "Emma" are as outstandingly English as "War and Peace" is Russian or "L'Education Sentimentale" French. Her keen eye is for the manner, but sees the spirit behind.

She lived, it is true, in a small and very secure world, in which values were not questioned: nothing got dragged up. Her unperplexity—or the resentment it arouses—is perhaps at the root of many objections to her. The charge of tameness against her is in itself so wild, the charge of triviality so trivial, that there must be something rather deeper behind them. She has been more fairly, perhaps, disliked than patronized—her own ironic remark about the two inches of ivory always pursuing her. No woman had ever less the provinciality of her sex, no lady less the provinciality of her sphere. It is all very well to talk grandiosely about the world in general: one's nearest hope of knowing the world in general is to synthesize one's knowledge of the particular. Accident—the accident of her birth—dictated the scene and scope of her novels but did not restrict their power. She was a very rare example—perhaps Proust was another—of intelligence articulating with the social personality; she was one of those happy natures whose very stuff is intelligence, with which nothing goes to waste, that everything aliments. Provinciality is a malady bred of being too much engaged with one's surroundings: the provinciality of Bohemia is well known. To be unprovincial is to know what is important, to see the exact importance of everything that you see. To underrate a deliberately quiet life is,

## Next Week

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND
By VAN WYCK BROOKS
*Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby*

YOU'RE PAYING FOR IT!
By CHARLES HARRIS GARRIGUES
*Reviewed by Elmer Davis*

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absurdly, to confuse experience with knowledge. Every writer is born with something to find out, and Jane Austen, by dancing circumspectly at county balls, chatting with people in drawing-rooms, staying with her relations and visiting Bath and London, found out what it was necessary for her to know.

She enjoyed being a woman, and being a gentlewoman. Emulativeness and the succeeding antagonisms did not distort her view of the other sex. Her men characters appear in company only, and are present only in relation to women—as hosts (Sir John Middleton, Mr. Weston), fathers (Mr. Bennet, Mr. Woodhouse), uncles (Sir Thomas Bertram), suitors (Mr. Elton, Mr. Collins), flirts (Frank Churchill, Mr. Wickham), *partis* (Mr. Bingley), husbands (Mr. John Knightley, Mr. John Dashwood), incalculable admirers (Mr. Darcy, Henry Crawford, Henry Tilney), or, though rarely, the magnetic beloved object upon whom happiness depends (Captain Wentworth and, passingly, Willoughby). Their appearance in any of these roles she describes with an unastounded, friendly exactitude. She had a keen, cool, amused ear for how gentlemen talked. Sport, business, and manners in love were not her province, but she did know a little about the Navy and usefully brought that in. The Army remains an occupation for officers when not busy dancing or paying calls. With her respect for the Church, Henry Tilney's charming whimsical elegance was not out of color. It is not because Edmund Bertram is an earnest young clergyman that he does not, as a hero, entirely come off. Their cloth does not protect Mr. Elton and Mr. Collins. . . . In men, she honored integrity (even stiffened at times by a touch of priggishness, as in Edmund Bertram and Mr. Knightley), expected and was amused by amiability and good address, and was agreeably susceptible to charm—no woman who was not could have brought Frank Churchill, Willoughby, Henry Crawford, and Henry Tilney to life. She must have been one of those fortunate young women who can enjoy glamour without having illusions. She writes about men with a distant confidence that I believe to be justified. It is women who write about men with an awful matey knowingness who give one a saddening sense of the handicaps of their sex. . . . Adultery occurred but was also outside her province: "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery." She was, however, not squeamish: the disgraceful affair of Willoughby and Miss Williams, though touched in fairly lightly, is not scamped. The thought of sexual misery both depressed and offended her: moreover it was socially inconvenient. It is true that her characters are preoccupied with marriage, and that the novels hinge on who is to marry whom. But the subject, with its ramifications, is absorbing still. And when one heard more about marriage one heard less about sex.

Her two most imposing men are Mr. Darcy in "Pride and Prejudice" and Henry Crawford in "Mansfield Park." . . . Mr. Darcy falls for Elizabeth Bennet, with her disconcerting charm and impossible family, against his will: he shows the extraordinary bends and twists a reluctant love takes. In a crisis—and his relations with Elizabeth, up to the end of the book, are a series of muffled crises—Mr. Darcy retreats on a violent formality. Compound of passion and snobbery, he is a Proustian figure. . . . He is a good man, a man of integrity, with the sombre attractiveness of a wicked one. Returning again and again to Mr. Darcy, one pays Jane Austen the compliment of deciding that there was more to him than she knew. He has that cloudy outline important characters should have; does not seem to have been "created" in the limited brainbound sense so much as observed fleetingly out of the corner of an eye, recollected uncertainly, speculated upon. One takes him to be a devious, constantly self-regarding, and very passionate man—but he soars out of the picture—most of him happens off. In a woman writer's book, any man who is intended to be either important or magnetic ought to have this quality. . . . Henry Crawford is more energetic, dashing, and unscrupulous. He has a certain *beauté du diable*. Though not, like Frank Churchill, a high-spirited, rather engagingly silly flirt, he is sardonically irresponsible where the Miss Bertrams are concerned. He is the most sophisticated of Jane Austen's men, and has also an excellent intellect: when he is at Mansfield Park they have good after-dinner talk (*vide* the conversation about Shakespeare). He had "moral taste"—a particular esthetic sensibility to innocence—which is in keeping with his character. ("Moral taste" is interesting: only highly civilized and really rather morally neutral people have it: it is the stuff of James and Turgeniev novels.) There is a kind of niceness about Henry Crawford; no hint of the jaded palate about his feeling for Fanny. His susceptibility is complex. Fanny's refusal to marry him twists him back on himself in a mood of destructive ugliness and ill-temper. His affair, then elopement, with Maria Rushworth (*née* Bertram) is the result. One can only suppose he turned to Maria Bertram as being the type of woman he really most disliked—neither gallant nor innocent. It was one more of his "freaks of cold-blooded vanity." Had he not, already, virtually, "lost the woman he rationally as well as passionately loved"? It is impossible not to be impatient with Fanny for her refusal (if one has not, indeed, become impatient with her already). Henry Crawford was her one chance of growing up. As it is, she remains with the colorless Edmund: loyal, jejune, and prim. We are told Henry Crawford regretted the injury he did to Mansfield Park in ruining Maria. But this regret in itself may have been a bitter pleasure. There are times when one feels Henry Crawford an exile from a French novel. But he remains an Englishman. Jane Austen knew an amazing amount about him, and—involuntarily—liked him a good deal. Like Mr. Darcy, but more so, he towers outside the book in which he appears. Mr. Darcy is part of the structure of "Pride and Prejudice," but Henry Crawford counters the moral rhythm of "Mansfield Park"—which is at once the most intellectual and the most nearly insincere novel she wrote.

Her women—even her quieter women

(*Continued on page* 13)

# The Prelude of Storm

To C. M. F.

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

FROM the midsummer's rushing flood,
From the storm on the horizon crouched and hiding,
Blue-black bellied clouds surging onwards through heat with flickerings of fierce desire,
From the joy too swift and sudden to be quickly understood,
The strong whiplash of the autumn wind out of the northeast riding,
To summon with his crackling lightning whip this torrent of blazing fire,
Let there come at last our peace, and a silent hope of abiding.

From the summit between the onracing cloud and the sun,
Lashed with the rattling bullets of hail rending to ribbons the wind-fluttered leaves,
From the hour after noon when the sun
Scatters the silver-grey cloudrack and the dreamy peace of the autumn succeeds,
From the crimson flakes uncooled to ash in the roar of the central flame,
The gods having long since descended, their secret ours ever to keep,
We move through the slow dance of time, forever now varying, yet ever the same,
Immortal in mortal transcended, till, weary, we turn then and sleep.

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# A Mural of Revolution

*THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PLAIN. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE

MR. LENOTRE, to whose memory this book is dedicated, would have vastly enjoyed it. Mr. Lenotre spent his life digging up out of the records an infinity of forgotten facts with which to explode so many of the fallacies which, even in contemporary minds, ornamented the story of the French Revolution. Facts which academic erudition persists in ignoring or, at best, dismissing with easy ridicule; fallacies which have become embedded in the public mind, sacramental and dogmatic, endlessly repeated in books and reiterated from professorial chairs, until to venture to doubt their validity marks one as a heretic or, at least, a poor fool. Galileo had the same trouble.

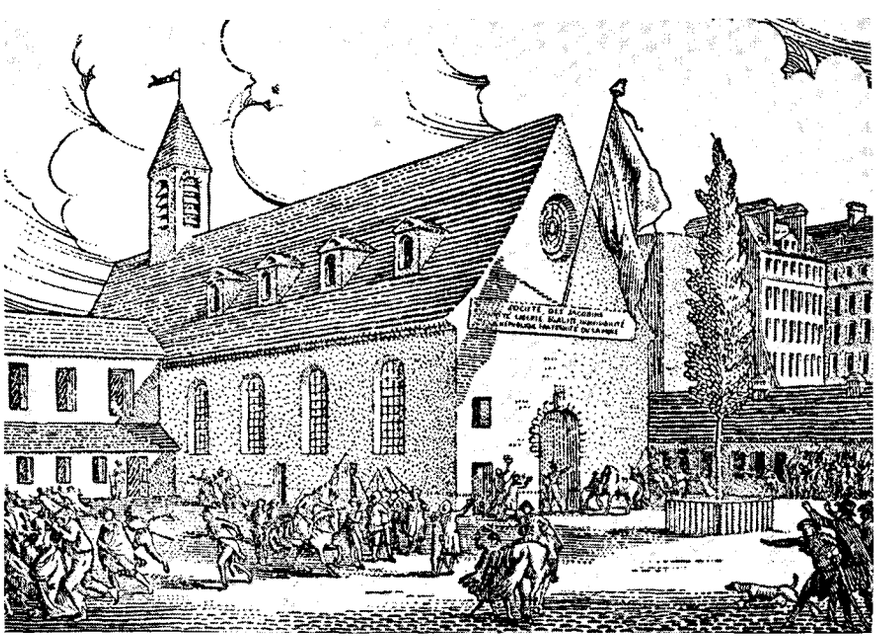
It began right away, on July 15, 1789, when—as a result of shrewd opportunistic propaganda on the part of the National Assembly—the people of Paris learned with astonishment that it had risen in its spontaneous popular might against tyranny the day before, and conquered the Bastille. Actually it had done no such thing. A bewildered spectator, it had watched the capture of the fortress by a mob instigated for the purpose; a mob consisting partly of prison sweepings liberated to assist a horde of specially imported thugs and bandits from the surrounding countrysides, responding to the instructions of carefully coached paid agents, many of them representing the Duke of Orleans. The same type of "spontaneous" movement which, under the same auspices—yelling against a carefully superinduced famine—later swept its violence through the hall of the National Assembly and the chambers of the palace of Versailles. Later, again, but under different auspices, through the Tuileries.

But the propaganda was effective. By July 16, 1789, there was hardly a good burgher of Paris who was not quite sure that he had been one of the "Conquerors of the Bastille," and now posterity is certain of it. Just as in America it is a matter of unchanging certainty that Aaron Burr committed "treason." As for the Jacobin Revolution, the Revolution of 1792, 1793, and 1794, the fallacies have spread and grown until now it is become a thankless task—because it must challenge that thought which is the offspring of a wish that in that Jacobin Revolution might have been exemplified and enacted an ideal of freedom, of humanity, and of democracy—a thankless task to attempt to point out that the Jacobin Revolution, and some have called it Holy, was a minority dictatorship of tyrannical usurpers; that its freedom was based on intolerance, that its humanity was clothed in the armor of partisan brutality, that its democracy was an autocracy of force and violence; that its Liberty was an untrammelled, and in endless cases bestial, licence; that its Equality was a frantic self preserving and enriching process of denial of any rights to all but its own votaries; that its Fraternity was seared across a shuddering land in fire and blood, sanctified with sacrilege and sweetened with wholesale massacre.

But now along comes a book—fortified by how careful and widespread a research only those who have labored in the same enormous vineyard can appreciate—a book which quietly, without passion and without sentimental hysteria, on the contrary with great restraint and equity, but inevitably, inexorably, and with the inescapable clarity of verities set free, tells the truth and beards the fallacies. Tells the truth—and this is dismaying, surely, to those who trust to history and biography as their medium—tells it and establishes it through the medium of fiction ever so much more vividly and convincingly than one could ever hope to in any other manner. There are 653 pages in this book, and in that space of non-fiction one might have crammed a far greater amount of the raw material of truth than Mr. Gorman has chosen to consider, but one would be far short of the effectiveness, the conviction, and the vitality which he achieves, by means of his imaginary characters, their emotions, their motives, and their talk, spreading like a leaven through the background which activates them while they animate it and give it life and meaning, a form which can be apprehended, and values which can be appraised through the touchstone of human reactions and contacts.

In the story of Alain Gihon, a Common Man, seeking his destiny in the Revolution, and in the story of his personal experiences and spiritual transformations at its hands balanced against the interminable mouthings of a Thomas Paine's childlike trust in an ideal founded on dreadful fallacies you have the main stem of the book, and the guiding thread through the tapestry of the Revolution. Paine, a man of the clouds, helped to create the Mountain with a flow of incessant words, excellent in themselves, which turned out to be powerless when the Mountain, even to Paine, became a monster devouring the words and spewing forth devils in their stead. Alain, a man of the Plain—a man of the earth, eager for regeneration and filled with the gracious generosities of youth—also helped to create the Mountain, and then found that he must repudiate it, fight it, and cleanse his soul of it. Mr. Gorman tells you why, and you will do well to attend him.

Mr. Gorman also tells you how; in a fine, gripping piece of romantic fiction in which the conventional claptrap of historical melodrama plays no part. Indeed, there are times when Mr. Gorman is almost too prudent in that respect; and one wonders whether, at the height of the Great Terror in Paris, Alain, David Livingstone, Marie, and her father could have lived as unmelodramatically and as unmolested as Mr. Gorman has willed that they should. But that is being fussy. The interplay of personal and public interests and antagonisms; the quick pen pictures of personalities—Talleyrand, Robespierre, Danton, the King—revealed through their own talk; the passing of Yves Guihon and the parting of Alain



HEADQUARTERS OF THE JACOBIN SOCIETY

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and David—all that is fine, well, and deftly done.

But best of all is the principal character, the Revolution itself, roaring, and crashing, and sweating all through the book. The noise of it is continually in your ears, the splinters of it in your eyes, the smell of it in your nostrils. With the possible exception of the drive to Varennes—the breathless nip and tuck of the flight and the drama of its foreordained failure are somehow lacking—Mr. Gorman has dealt superbly with it and yet frugally, for he abstains from any direct participation in the majority of its climaxes. You are not at the Tuileries on August 10; you are not in the Convention for *Thermidor;* you see only one man killed in the September Massacre; you witness only a single guillotine execution; in the prisoners' warehouse at Nantes you are not shown the corpses of babies shoved into the garbage pails; but when you are through with those events and those scenes you have, nevertheless, seen the whole horrible, bloody business, and, with Alain, you understand that you must cleanse your soul of it. In any case, after Mr. Gorman's magnificent description of the storming of the Bastille, after that tremendous plunge into the streets, it was not necessary to duplicate the feat.

Some things have, no doubt, been omitted. There is very little impression given of the fatal role played by the inconsequent, would-be liberal nobility and by such brilliant word scatterers as Germaine de Staël. There is no mention of the false "red bonnets," the conservatives and royalists masquerading as ultras, and their vast influence on the course of events. Only a slight echo is found in Alain's activities of the complicated ramifications of the so-called Foreign Conspiracy against the Revolution, the constant peril and pressure of which contemporaries, at least, were well aware. The double dealing of Danton and so many of his colleagues, and their perpetual concern in a cessation of the Jacobin Revolution, is not made clear. And perhaps the greatest fallacy of all is not brought out—the fallacy which obsessed the French mind and caused it to believe that the political revolution of the American colonies was a social one, and that because there was a republic in America there was a new order of society in the new country from which French liberals, totally misunderstanding the Anglo-Saxon mind, derived their inspiration.

But a plague on omissions. Mr. Gorman was writing fiction, and he has put in what he chose and left out what seemed best to him. The resulting book is a great mural of the French Revolution. Take your mind and your soul, in the company of Alain Gihon, into its presence.

*Among Mr. Minnigerode's numerous historical studies are "Jefferson, Friend of France," and "Some Mariners of France."*

# The Spain of Yesterday

*THE OLIVE FIELD. By Ralph Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $2.50.*

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE Spain of today, torn by civil war, is in the headlines. The Spain of only yesterday, between civil wars, is in "The Olive Field." Newspaper correspondents are now writing one chapter, and Mr. Bates has written another chapter, of the same story. Mr. Bates's chapter runs from February 1932 to December 1934, and its climax is the great revolutionary rising in October of the latter year, under the leadership of the Socialist Party, which seemed for a moment capable of victory, only to end in defeat and temporary disaster.

RALPH BATES

"The Olive Field" is an intensely serious novel, ambitiously conceived and conscientiously elaborated, but there is much unevenness in its five hundred pages. There is unevenness of texture, of power, and of pace. It has magnificent moments, but these are too often separated by thickets of dulness. The power of the book resides in individual scenes rather than in the whole. At times the tale reminds one of a muscle-bound man; its strength is plain, but it does not move easily. Indeed, until we reach the final scenes, the reader is never caught up and carried along by the movement of the story, for the simple reason that the movement is intermittent and spasmodic. We make our own way, sometimes with difficulty, from one peak of narrative to another. But on those peaks Mr. Bates proves himself a master. And, even when he is least moving and least interesting, he is always master of the Spanish scene and the Spanish character. Seldom has an author written of a land and people, alien to his own, in accents that seem so truly native.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Bates is concerned with the relations and interactions of state, church, and workers within the Spanish Republic. But, until we reach the last portion of the novel, politics emerges only occasionally from the background. In the foreground are the workers in the olive fields of Andalusia, and the tragic triangular story of Mudarra and Caro and Lucia,—Lucia Robledo, who loved one man and gave herself to another, who bore Diego Mudarra's child and married Joaquin Caro. It is a story of primitive emotions and complex psychology, written with unflinching candor and subtle understanding. And scarcely less important than the principal characters are the olive trees themselves, symbols of fertility and the continuity of life. The trees have their own story and their own drama; a drama in which the cherishing hands of men, and drought and hail, play parts. Nor is the reader ever unaware of the land, the old tired land of Spain, from which the olives spring.

Mr. Bates has drawn a full and detailed picture of the little olive-producing town of Los Olivares de Don Fadrique in southernmost Spain. At first somewhat confusedly, and then with greater certainty, we become acquainted with its inhabitants in all walks of life. The olive fields become familiar to our sight; we smell as well as see the inn of the muleteers and packmen; and we are admitted to the town brothel, familiarly known as the Black House. We listen to the talk of communists and anarchists, and watch Don Fadrique discharge workers with one hand while he buys a rare book of music, for twenty thousand pesetas, with the other. We witness the attack of the iconoclasts on the Holy Week procession, and the attempt of the water-starved small landowners to dynamite the dam which holds back the water they cannot afford to buy. We are present at the taurine death of Argote, and are plunged at last into the revolutionary turmoil of October, 1934.

But, through it all, it is the story of Mudarra and Carro and Lucia that counts, and the greatest scenes are theirs. The scene in which Diego takes Lucia; the fight between Diego and Joaquin, the scene in the shed, surely the highest point in a book of pinnacles,—these are the making of the book, the making of a book that lacks only organization to be a masterpiece in many of its parts.

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# Logic Takes a Holiday

*THE STORY OF PROPHECY. In the Life of Mankind from Early Times to the Present Day. By Henry James Forman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

MR. FORMAN does not seem wholly clear in his mind as to what kind of a book he intended to write in this "Story of Prophecy," and the reader shares the uncertainty. The bulk of it deals with what people of all ages, balanced and unbalanced, and under the limitations of their generation, have believed about prophetic gifts and "things coming true." They range from prepossession to wholly irresponsible credulity; though once heeded and endowed with significance, prophecies have descended to the status of gratis tea-leaf readings. Seers of all sorts and conditions of men and women have indulged in the habit of prophecy from Cassandra to "Cheiro," and the motley procession is passed in review.

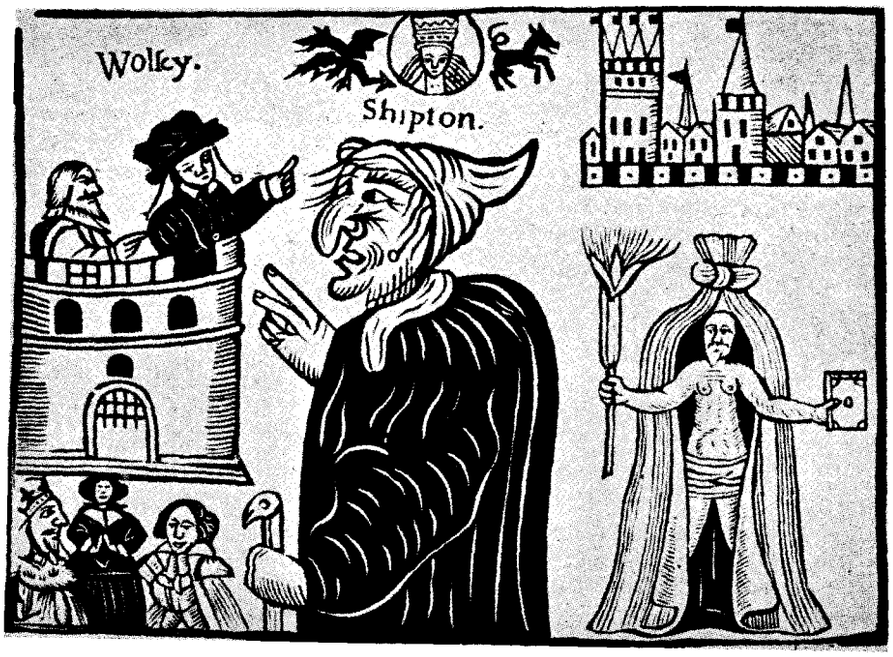
As a story, for those curious in such lore, or in illustration of the vagaries of belief, it has its place. But interspersed with this mainly legendary record is the thesis that there may be "something in it," that critical studies discover individuals who have as remarkable a foresight as the common run have hindsight. The notion that a dash of critical oil can impart an authentic flavor to a gossipy salmagundi is a fallacy that has been repeatedly crushed to earth and pulverized, only to rise again blandly oblivious of its annihilation.

Mr. Forman's statement that electricity, cosmic rays, and atoms are all unexplained yet accepted, so why not be charitable to clairvoyance which only runs a little ahead of the time schedule, is an unnecessary betrayal of ignorance of the fundamentals of logic. Read in the spirit of "Believe it if you can (or wish)"!, these tales of prophecies are entertaining; they belong to the thousand-volume annals of what men have believed and defended. As veridical chronicles, Mother Shipton and Mother Goose are on a par, and belong neither to the Ananias nor to the Historical Society—only to our credulous heritage.

Does Mr. Forman seriously argue that we should revert to the Dark Ages, or find a place for them in our scientific enlightenment? Or is this just a personal joy-ride when logic takes a holiday? What in the name of sanity does he mean by saying that "almost everyone believes in prophecy—with the possible exception of the average scientist"? Why not average intelligence or better?

The habit of prophecy thrives on the uncritical nature of the thinking process; it resorts to vagueness, ambiguity, and to fitting events to enigmatic words. There are some remarkably accurate prophecies; but these give every evidence of having been formulated after the events. The records are not as convincing as those of the book-makers at horse races. If there were a Bureau of Prophecy to which all inclined to the habit sent their sealed predictions to be opened in due course, the result might be statistically enlightening, but lack the thrill of the supernormal. What a chance the prophets lost in 1918 when someone could have solemnly foretold that at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, the war would cease—but nobody did. The book adds just another evidence to the familiar conclusion that man is fearfully and wonderfully made, most so when he attempts to reason with an inadequate equipment for that arduous and uncertain venture.

*Professor Jastrow's book on the errors and absurdities of human belief is now being prepared for publication.*




MOTHER SHIPTON. *From "The Story of Prophecy."*

# Can Such Things Be?

*PARAGUAYAN INTERLUDE. By C. W. Thurlow Craig. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

ON pages 185 and 186 of this book is a very short story told by an ancient estanciero. You can read it in two minutes, but you'll get a shock of which the effects may last for hours, perhaps days, with the memory of it coming to disturb you for the rest of your life. You'll ask yourself, Can such things be? Well, such things are, and it is as well to get the shock and have done with it if you are to understand the way of the old timers down in Paraguay, and in other rarely visited places south of the line. The author makes no particular fuss in telling the tale as he heard it, does not play it up, and certainly had no intention of satisfying any appetite for scandalous sensations. He tells it *en passant* and goes on with the tale of his adventures. Yet it serves to create something of the atmosphere of those lawless lands. And when you accept the fact that the un-moral is far removed from the immoral you will read "Paraguayan Interlude" with understanding and enjoyment.

You will find it worthwhile because it gives what a true travel book should give—a very real enlargement of horizon. Having that, you can sit unconcerned, but very interested, at the passing pageant managed by Mr. Craig. You will surrender all sorts of cherished notions received from romanticists. You will see correctly educated Englishmen throwing off civilization to go about in chiripas and faja, and counting it a gain to live like a gaucho, learning that the flesh of a steer killed in the hour of its cooking can be tender and tasteful. You will come to believe in the truth of the author's saying: "If, instead of trying to convert the Indians, we were to adopt a few of their ideas, we should do ourselves some good, and them no harm," although Darwin, Cunninghame Graham, Bates of the Amazon, and many another pointed that out long ago. And I think it will be generally agreed by those who know the ways of the estancias, that you will have to go far to find better, clearer, more compactly put life in the back country than you find here. It is very pleasant reading, fluent, simple, and racy.

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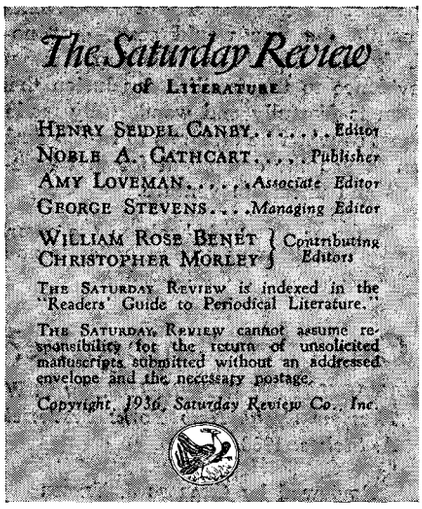
The Saturday Review of Literature

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## Spook Writing

THIS editorial is written by one who has been wandering in the West and a little endeavoring to teach the first principles of good writing —at least, as they appear to him. Out where the sea without shore is, his desk was innocent of current periodicals. But he has returned to them—to those of every sort and kind, from big, fat ones with handsome young women in several colors on the slick covers, through weeklies of various shades of red to a quarterly review with two yellow pincushions on the cover, which is now published in Holland, at the Hague. Opening the last-named idly and at random, the following is encountered. And it is not a whit stranger than many of the other contributions by other hands.

LOVE POEM

Oh pinionated slough of you. Ich bach
da denyamay.
Il culture ne far bull yákamay
Derenj é fákamay cum sar

Say boygen yállamay the itch da rest
Is nothing but a clean come yákamay
I put the whip upon the whip
And let the high wide handsome go
"Why do I care for you here in the
twitted twilight"
"Here by the rocks in the pool"

Yes, it's certainly warm in New York, after the cool nights in California; and when called upon to write a summer editorial one feels enervated enough to let the high wide handsome go; but then there's the whip upon the whip, and we are in harness again. . . . We are in harness again to literature. As above? Well, it seems to be the latest word. . . .

Of course it is nothing new. It has been getting increasingly that way for years. What then were we trying to teach in our distant summer classroom? For we spoke of the love of language and the use of words—indeed, of the fanatical love of words. And here are confronted and twitted by their twilight. We far and away prefer journals of radical opinion, for in one of them we encounter

THE DYING LUDDITE
(Yorkshire, 1812)

"Name your accomplices!" said the
priest
to the man who lay with darkening
eyes.
"So may you, haply, be released
"from hell's eternal fires, to feast
"in mansions in the skies!"

The wounded man turned on his bed.
"Can you . . . keep . . . a secret . . .
Sir?" he said.
"Yes, yes!"—the quick reply.
The Luddite slowly raised his head
and whispered, "So . . . can I!"

That is a fairly bad poem, but we prefer it to the impressionism of the other, which we might better appreciate were we a linguist. For the rhetorical question of the first poem is of not the slightest importance, while the courage of mankind is worth celebrating under whatever circumstances found. But of course we know that Great Art is practically non-communicable and that if it obviously means anything it is so much the worse . . . not that we believe that for a split second. Between rebellious thought and the mere rebellious jugglery of words we shall always choose the former. We have a theory, too. It is that, in the face of large and vital issues before the world, such distractions and entertainments as the first poem have lost practically any validity they originally possessed. One of the editors of the magazine from which we quoted the first poem avers that Abstract Art no longer needs defense, even (we suppose) as abstract writing and the multiplicity of imitations of Joyce's "Work in Progress." Perhaps one reason it needs no defense is that today it does not seem worth attacking. There are enough horrid practical matters deserving attack without breaking jabberwocky upon the wheel. We ourselves prefer the original, and the Reverend Dodgson, the Great Originator. If you care for your nonsense neat or biting as metheglin, we give you either Lewis Carroll or James Joyce. Accept no substitutes!

For certain youngsters, however, such "literature" is profoundly significant. 'Twas ever thus and ever will be so. As we look back upon our summer's teaching it makes our insistence upon the precise use of words, and saying what you mean, sound like the idle prattlings of a babe. How simple were our examples. How much subtler the "Spuk (sic) of the Present," in which it is averred:

> In the fulness of the blacking loor we hear a fleercry that dristas our singering into duallas. Is the balatin in gral now?

Verily the outgrabing of the outgrabing mome raths, Brothers, that is Art!

What of this Spook (we prefer our own spelling) of the Present? This—that it dates already. A few novelists choose to run certain words together; but, mainly, their aims are understandable. Genuine Spook Writing, however, is drawing toward its twitted twilight. The young radical poets, for instance, are deciding that they have something vital to say and, in no uncertain terms, are trying to make themselves heard. Meanwhile an essentially *fin de siècle* affair persists in the midst of urgent and aggressive expression. Perhaps yet shall rise the Piers Plowman of this age. Who knows but the Chaucer of the Proletariat is already in the womb of time?

The esthete always runs things into the ground. But so much more important things than esthetics have been run into the ground of late, where they breed earthquakes, that literature may perceive its important tasks. We have, today, plenty of writers who perceive them. They can use experimental technical devices too, so long as they make for more immediate communication. Meanwhile, on the fringes of writing, still gyrate the spooks. But no longer do they seem as beguiling as in the happier days when—

Oh when I was a little ghost,
A happy time had we.
Each seated on his favorite post
We chumped and chawed the buttered
toast
They gave us for our tea!

It is mean and nasty, perhaps, to be too hard upon the spooks—too impatient of them. They have frequently furnished us amusement and they furnish themselves, obviously, entertainment no end. If their phantasmagoria seems too tortured to harbor any real fun, they are not apparently aware of it. But, without adopting too serious a tone, they are certainly not the voices of the future. They are the last outpost of an individualism caught finally in a *cul de sac* of gibberish. And they also are products of their age. Perhaps they are the peak of so-called civilization. Which is commentary enough in itself.

### Ten Years Ago

George Moore's "Heloise and Abelard" was reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates in *The Saturday Review* for August 14th, 1926. Mr. Bates wrote in his review: "*It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Moore could not have more nearly united the two Abelards, the historical character and the creation of his own fancy. . . . To find the real medieval Abelard one must go to Henry Adams not to George Moore. But to one reader who prefers philosophy to love there are hundreds, including most philosophers themselves, who with Mr. Moore prefer love to philosophy. For these, through many years to come, and perhaps for all time—who knows?—the tale of Heloise and Abelard, according to George Moore, will rank among the great love stories of the world. Their saga is no longer a vague memory haunting the mausoleum in Père Lachaise but is lastingly enshrined in literature, hard by the tombs of Deirdre, Iseult, and Francesca.*"

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# Letters to the Editor: *Dictionaries and the Constitution* *Do People Read?*

## A Constitutional Criterion

SIR:—In his fair and comprehensive review of "Storm Over the Constitution," Walton H. Hamilton brings up a subject on which I should like to state my position. Regarding my assertion that the Constitution, as seen by its framers, is broad enough to include the powers recently exercised by Congress over money, revenue, agriculture, industry and finance, Mr. Hamilton says:

> It is hard to contradict his thesis. In fact at one strategic point his case is far stronger than even he knows. The legal fate of the program for the public control of "business" hangs precariously upon the word "commerce." It has not occurred to Brant—who in justification can plead the highest judicial precedents—to appeal from Sutherland, Butler, and Roberts, JJ., to Samuel Johnson and Noah Webster, and to explore the confines of the word in the eighteenth century dictionaries.

In 1787, says Mr. Hamilton, "business" was merely the state of being busy, "industry" was a thrifty virtue, while "commerce" was a broad term comprehending all forms of intercourse with kinsman, hussy, or merchant. "It required the greater part of a century," he observes truly, "to effect the judicial corruption of commerce from 'intercourse' and all that pertained thereto to the physical movement of goods. As for the current lingo of 'stream' and 'flow,' 'barrier to' and 'burden upon,' 'direct' and 'indirect effect upon,' the Fathers of the Constitution would have been completely stumped."

But it did occur to me to consider the eighteenth century dictionaries. I refrained from citing them because, in the Constitutional Convention, the framers used the terms "commerce" and "trade" interchangeably, thus destroying the value of the Johnson-Webster definitions of commerce.

For example, when Madison (September 14, 1787) said that he was "more and more convinced that the regulation of commerce was in its nature indivisible and ought to be wholly under one authority," Roger Sherman replied that "the power of the United States to regulate trade being supreme can control interferences of the state regulations when such interferences happen."

Both of these statements by leading framers of the Constitution are breathtaking in their nationalism, but they make "commerce" and "trade" synonymous. If they are so treated, and the argument is based solely on the attitude of the framers as disclosed from time to time in the debates, "trade" expands to the broad implications of eighteenth-century "commerce." But if the dictionaries are relied upon, synonymous use in the convention tends to bring "commerce" down to the narrower dictionary definition of "trade."

The method I used brought me in fact to the precise position reached by Mr. Hamilton, as may be seen from the following on page 142 of "Storm Over the Constitution":

> In 1787 agriculture and manufacturing were not set off from commerce among the states by a high blank wall, to be scaled or defended by "directlies, indirectlies, or remotelies." They were the heart and essence of commerce, written down, ahead of all other commercial matters, in the sole proposal in the Constitutional Convention for an executive department to deal with the domestic affairs of the nation.

The Constitutional Debates show conclusively that the framers used the word "commerce" to include the full business life of the nation, and the word "trade" just as broadly. But since there is room for dispute on dictionary definitions, and no room for dispute whatever as to the actual inclusion of agriculture and manufacturing within the commercial power as the framers saw it, I prefer to rely on the words of the constitutional debates. By either criterion, "commerce" was far more inclusive in 1787 than it is today, after the century of judicial corruption to which Mr. Hamilton refers.

IRVING BRANT.

St. Louis, Mo.

"I'VE UNDERLINED THE PASSAGES THAT THE READING CLUB AGREED TO SKIP."

## "Dornicks" and "Dornachs"

SIR:—In the *S. R. L.* of August 1st: "Old Q. was pleased to notice a reviewer in this paper, last week, using the good old American word *dornicks,* (meaning brickbats or boulders). The etymology seems obscure."

Among the older Scotch-Irish . . . perhaps among the straight Gaelic Irishmen also . . . of the earlier part of the last century, and antecedent to the Revolutionary War, there was a wise old saw, relative to the good sense of using whatever material came to hand, whether of the best quality or not: "If ye can't get hewn stane, you mun use dornachs," that is, rough stones. Isn't this the father and mother of the "good old American word 'dornicks' "?

JOHN BENNETT.

Charleston, S. C.

## The Prevalence of Reading

SIR:—In your editorial, Non-Fiction, you mention the original market for books by Gibbon and Carlyle. As compared with modern best-sellers those books obviously had a small sale. Cultivated men and women were rarer then, but their cultural batting average was high.

As more and more people became literate, the book business flourished; but the reading habit outran the development of critical appreciation. Relatively only a small number of readers could find pleasure in books written by competent craftsmen who used hokum sparingly.

The situation has not changed materially, in my opinion, except that the number of both cultivated and uncultivated persons has increased. The former provide a growing market for good writing of every kind. On the other hand, the literate but uncultivated masses, by and large seem unaware that taste may be developed by persistent self-exposure to the merits of those books which find a continuing market, with successive generations of readers. After some research indeed, I am convinced that the run-of-mine products of our public schools are reading less and less, as the movies and radio progressively fill the void in their lives, formerly occupied by novels of rapid-fire action and slushy sentiment.

GEORGE A. BRIGGS.

Los Angeles.

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# A Giant of the Last Century

*LORD PALMERSTON. By H. C. F. Bell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. 2 vols. $10.*

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

AN English historian recently reported a conversation which took place at the turn of the century between himself and an ancient Somerset craftsman. Searching for a phrase with which to emphasize the eminence of a local worthy, the old man said, "He held a position in the neighborhood like that which the late Lord Palmerston used to hold in the country." To the ten-pound householders and forty-shilling freeholders of England Palmerston must have seemed as much of a fixture in the English state as the Crown itself, and certain continental chancelleries had good reason to deplore his longevity. For he achieved a European reputation that has been approached by few English statesmen. The question asked by Turgeniev's peasant in a remote Russian marsh, "Who is this Palmestron [*sic*]?" attests a fame by no means confined to the Ballplatz and the Quai d'Orsay. And yet Palmerston remained the eternal Englishman, familiar with the world outside but quite uncontaminated by it. His first concern was with Britain's prestige, and when he drew about himself the mantle of international liberalism, its folds could never hide the contours of the essential John Bull. Professor Bell's portrait of Jupiter Anglicanus does full justice to a remarkable figure. It may be placed at once on the select shelf reserved for definitive biographies—at the least, it is as definitive as this generation of readers is likely to require.

The path which led Palmerston into the business of government was the conventional road followed by the eighteenth-century aristocracy. He was born to an Irish peerage, and his title to rule was confirmed by Harrow and Cambridge. But between school and university his Tory parents, with an admirable freedom from bigotry, sent him to Edinburgh, center of liberal Whiggism, where he lived for a year in the most stimulating intellectual atmosphere that the island could offer. Palmerston entered the House of Commons as a member for one of the "closest" of boroughs and two years later, at the age of twenty-five, found himself secretary of war in the Perceval cabinet. In the unreformed government of England youth was readily served. Mr. Bell's account of Palmerston's tenure at the Horse Guards, though rather summary, is a vivid picture of a tireless, exacting administrator, who kept his subordinates up to the mark by methods that, however ruthless, were undeniably effective.

But the career that had opened so auspiciously seemed to have struck a series of insuperable obstacles. At the Horse Guards the ambitious Pam remained for nineteen years, with his immediate end, the Foreign Office, apparently as far away as ever. It was Grey's reform ministry of 1830 that brought him at last to the goal as a member of a Whig cabinet. The switch from Toryism to Whiggism, Mr. Bell correctly insists, was a matter of little consequence. Palmerston had never been an orthodox Tory, nor was he ever to become an orthodox Whig. In whatever cabinet he found himself—even in those over which he presided—he was obliged to subordinate many of his views to the wishes of his colleagues. A Canningite he had been and a Canningite he remained, whatever the color of the banner under which he officially marched. Even this designation seems unduly limiting, for he was first and last a Palmerstonian.

It was the practice of *haut politique* that really interested Palmerston, and his biography becomes almost inevitably a history of British foreign policy from 1830 to 1865. What concerns the student of Palmerston's career as foreign secretary, perhaps more than the confusing details of the French entente, the unappetizing Spanish marriages, Near Eastern crises, and the like, is the fundamental question of aim and motive. Was he the international liberal or was his liberalism merely the tool of a cynical British nationalist who loved to manipulate continental alignments *ad majorem Britanniae gloriam*? Palmerston's own formula for his policy is worth quoting:

> Influence abroad is to be maintained only by the operation of one or the other of two principles—hope and fear. We ought to teach the weaker Powers to hope that they will receive the support of this country in their time of danger. Powerful countries should be taught to fear that they will be resisted by England in any unjust acts either towards ourselves or towards those who are bound in ties of amity with us.

Mr. Bell wisely abstains from a categorical judgment. Palmerston, he concludes, was a nineteenth-century British nationalist, who believed, like Mr. Podsnap, that "No other Country is so favored as This Country" and who could conceive of no higher destiny for the nations of Europe than that their institutions should be remolded in the image of Britain's. Grounded as they were in a conviction of England's superiority, his liberal professions were not insincere. On this point his private correspondence admits of little doubt, and there is the further evidence of his long and disinterested crusade against the slave trade. In reality his liberalism was the means by which he sought to establish the moral preëminence of Britain. Palmerston was, first of all, foreign secretary and prime minister of Great Britain and thus responsible for the maintenance of her international position. The subjects of foreign monarchs might be groaning under oppression, but unless British interests were directly involved, he could scarcely intervene. Yet he could and did, as Mr. Bell suggests, arouse English public opinion and use it to reënforce the lectures which he enjoyed delivering to continental despots. On the other hand, if the freedom sought by certain subject peoples appeared dangerous to British prestige, Palmerston the liberal must give his seat to Palmerston the guardian of British interests.

Palmerston's foreign policies were never allowed to grow sluggish for lack of opposition at home. With Victoria, who was outraged by his methods in both principle and detail, his relations were a series of skirmishes. Many of his colleagues and others took offense at the bullying tone and studied insolence

THE ABERDEEN CABINET AND LORD PALMERSTON (SEATED RIGHT)

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which he affected in his dealings with foreign powers. Europe, after all, might not appreciate tutelage at the hands of an irascible English schoolmaster. There was, however, another side to the blustering Palmerston. His impetuosity was often carefully calculated and when occasion required, he could proceed with the caution of a man who had learned to wait. Had he not spent seventy years of his life waiting for the call to become chief minister of state? And he had, furthermore, a disturbing way of rising from his defeats to new triumphs.

It is not the least of Mr. Bell's merits that despite the charm and persuasiveness of his subject he manages to remain the judge rather than the advocate. His admiration for Palmerston is great and, with a more precise focus than the general historian can employ, he is able to illuminate situations and motives, often to his hero's advantage. But he never attempts to defend the indefensible nor to deny the blindspots and failures.

Mr. Bell's book, I think, meets the needs of both the historian and the general (though not the casual) reader. The former will praise his prodigious industry in gathering material and his lucid, often brilliant, narrative. Specialists in diplomatic history will probably feel that some incidents are treated more convincingly than others. The general reader may find that complicated diplomatic questions are dealt with at greater length than he could wish. But all can congratulate Mr. Bell on his high accomplishment. He has brought to life one of the giants who walked the Victorian earth.

# Unnecessary Fog

*FROM HEGEL TO MARX. By Sidney Hook. New York: A John Day Book. Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1936. $4.

Reviewed by MAX EASTMAN

TO my mind Karl Marx is overestimated in this epoch much as Rousseau was in the epoch of the French Revolution. We are in for a great disillusionment in regard to Soviet Russia, and when thoughtful men of science, no matter how radical, look back after it is over, they are going to think we are a little loony with our earnest talk about "Marxism." Science has no use for *isms* made out of a man's name. The only time scientists employ *isms* made out of a man's name is when they want to ridicule his doctrines. To call Newton's discoveries, or Einstein's, Newtonism or Einsteinism, would imply that you think they are a little phoney, that they are systems of personal belief about the world, rather than objectively verifiable generalizations of fact.

Marx made contributions to science of indubitable importance, but "Marx-ism" is a system of personal belief about the world, and ought to be condemned in the same way as phoney. Marx's whole labor as a philosopher, and much, too, of his other labor, was concerned, not with generalizing facts, but with building up out of materials borrowed from Hegel's religious metaphysics, a way of looking at facts which will fit in with the feelings and accommodate the purposes of a communist. Where others were for breaking away in earnest from all systems of rationalistic belief and approaching sociology with the criteria of objective fact, Marx clung to this characteristically German idea of dragging the universe into a contemporary political struggle, and endowing the proletarian movement with a world philosophy and a program.

A modern American of Sidney Hook's astuteness who clearly saw this, could write a fascinating book about the period covered by his "From Hegel to Marx." It would be not only fascinating, but illuminating and informing. It would send the reader away with his mind clarified, his purpose firmer, his sense of method more sure. But Sidney Hook has —I think for more or less accidental reasons of birth and training—saddled his dexterous mind with the task of defending Marxism as a partisan philosophy, a class-biased view of mind, matter, and the universe, and yet trying at the same time to make it appear modern and scientific. The inevitable result is that he surrounds the whole period from Hegel to Marx with an esoterical and academic, not to say Talmudic, fog, and the naive reader comes away with little but a feeling that these topics are far above him. The less naive reader asks himself: How can a man who writes so clearly leave so much confusion in the mind? I wish that Mr. Hook might be a little less modest, a little more egotistical and ambitious. He has a gift of "creative speculation" which, if he would exercise it on the universe itself, instead of on Karl Marx's opinions about the universe, would produce at least a commanding work of art. As it is, this extraordinary gift of his only produces bad scholarship. Those who want to see how bad, should compare his "From Hegel to Marx" with Auguste Cornu's recent volume, "Karl Marx." There the history of the same period is written with a single eye to the facts, and not in order to "furnish some corroborative evidence in behalf of a hypothesis concerning Marx's meaning. . . ."

R. L. DUFFUS

# Between Screams

*THE SKY BUT NOT THE HEART. By R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

SUPPOSE that you, like Mr. Duffus, were laboring on a great daily, up to your ears in endless consideration of issues, parties, programs, factions, dictators, messiahs, always having to be fair and careful. Wouldn't you plan for that great day when you could let your hair down and turn loose on all of them, give them their right names, laugh them to perdition? He's done it, in a book that is absolutely delicious. One of the saner characters in it replies to a solemn reproach: "I have to be trivial to keep from screaming." If the news at home and abroad has kept you screaming, this is your book to read, a grand harlequinade upon all of those grimly mad people who make our nightmares. Here they are, pilloried in some of the brightest dialogue and certainly the neatest plot of the season.

Imagine the ingenious premier of a small, none too mythical, south-European principality planning to rid his country of all dangerous factions by the simple device of packing them all together upon a leaky British steamer and sending them out to sea. And imagine his impish King having him dumped on board with them just as the boat sails,— a cargo of Communists, Fascists, Nazis, Socialists, liberals, Single Taxers, Agrarians, Second Adventists, pacifists, Wandervogel, and anyone else who wants any kind of change whatever. The possibilities are beautiful. There is a pyramid of climaxes, and if you think you can guess even one of them you don't know Mr. Duffus. He isn't always laughing, either. There are some things he hates, some he loves, some he respects, and you'll find them just as piercingly stated as though they weren't the by-products of a story that moves steadily on the plane of high comedy. The people in this book have kept us up nights, and they will again. This is our chance to smile at them, between screams, for which, Mr. Duffus, many thanks.

It is a pleasure to find a book which one can read with such thorough enjoyment as this.

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# The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

## The Folder

### The Only Rule

[*of the Three Hours for Lunch Club*]

WRIT in her heart, said a queen, was Calais:
Her monomania I can tally.
Written upon my privy purse
Read this sumptuary verse:—
*Convivii haec suprema lex:*
*Suum cuique*—

Separate Checks!

"I saw them all off in my riding clothes this morning."—Eleanor Roosevelt, *My Day* (August 5).

They can hardly have been Citizens Maximi.

### "The Wreck of the Deutschland"

I learned, some years ago, to look twice (at least). I chanced to see the name of Gerard Manley Hopkins mentioned in print. (What is so appetitive as to be told, as we always are, that Father Hopkins's verse was difficult and screwy and that we couldn't understand it.)

Until I picked up Vol. XXI of *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association* (Oxford Press, 1936) edited by Herbert Read, I had never heard of Hopkins's poem *The Wreck of the Deutschland.* It was written after a shipwreck (1875) in which five Franciscan nuns perished. In the collection I mention is an essay on the poem, by W. H. Gardner, in which he says "it will in due course take the rank it deserves beside the *Nativity Ode, Lycidas, Intimations of Immortality,* and *The Hound of Heaven.*"

Some student of these matters might look up the poem and let us hear his opinion.

I've saved in the Folder for five years what Herbert Read said (in *The Criterion,* April 1931) when Robert Bridges' edition of Hopkins went to a second printing:—

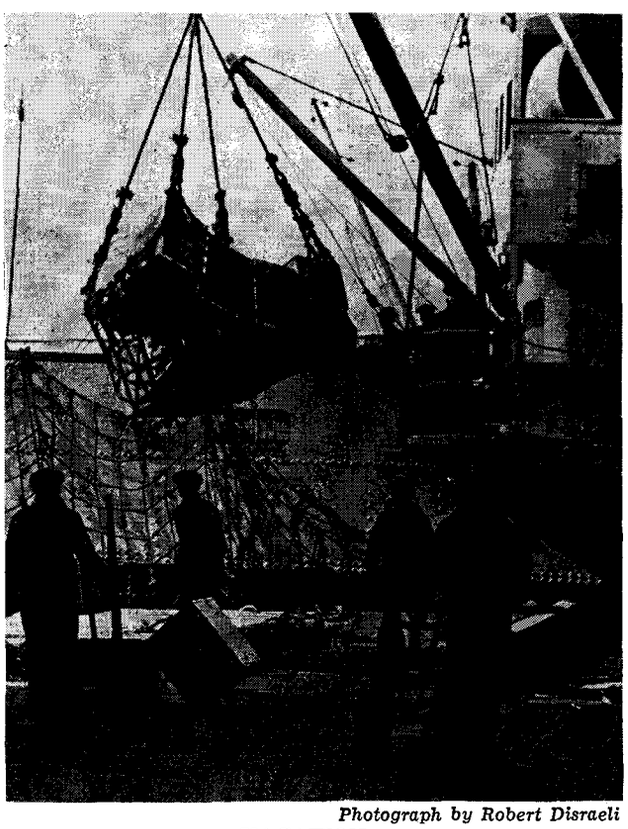
> It is the old story over again; nothing could have made Hopkins's poetry popular in his day; it was necessary that it should first be absorbed by the sensibility of a new generation of poets, and by them masticated to a suitable pulp for less sympathetic minds. That process is going on apace now, and when the history of the last decade of English poetry comes to be written by a dispassionate critic, no influence will rank in importance with that of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The scraps of Hopkins that I have seen, whether verse or prose, give me the feeling of a sort of 19th century Jeremy Taylor; and there are some moods for which Jeremy Taylor is not far from being the greatest writer who ever bathed in the ocean of English language. Certainly he can swim under water longer than any other.

### Ampersands

&&& Henry Holt announces a book that sounds like good fun and good sense: *A Mapbook of English Literature,* by Briscoe, Sharp & Borish. How often have I been astounded by the fact that zealous students of literature so rarely know anything about the countrysides (or citysides) loved and frequented by their favorite authors; where these both took and gave suggestion. The best textbook of literature, we have said with wearisome repetition, is an atlas.

&&& If I were an architect I would amuse myself by putting up in the office, for the contemplation of clients, a line from old Thomas Fuller's chapter *Of Building:*— *Should they tell thee all the cost at the first, it would blast a young Builder in the budding.* &&& A. Edward Newton spoke lately with much affection of a book of essays by the late C. T. Winchester, *The Old Castle.* We had not heard Professor Winchester's name mentioned in a long time. The tides of memory move fast on the ebb; there is a good piety in reminding readers of names too quickly vanished. &&& Odd to think that bullets and printing types are both made of the same metal.



*Photograph by Robert Disraeli*

VACATION

### Memorandum to Three Dogs On Boarding Them Out During a Vacation

I'm afraid you're going to be homesick. What you'll miss most will be digging in the mole-subways on the lawn. (August is the great month for mole-digging. A good name for a dog, Diggory, after that fellow in Goldsmith; or, as Lawton Mackall used to suggest, Sir Kennel Dogby.) But if someone will leave an old pair of socks around here and there you'll be quite happy.—Contract bridge probably is to human beings just what a pair of vintage hot-weather socks are to a dog. —What I shall miss most will be my grape-arbor in the rain; and watching delphiniums gradually fade out into the dusk.

### Eye Test

It's always disconcerting when you have to reconstruct a whole system of familiar landmarks. I went to Dr. Fitzgerald's office, for the first time in five years, to have my eyes examined. In the old days I always used the big spinning wheel trade-mark on the McCutcheon Building, seen from the doctor's waiting-room, as my private test. (I never feel that I do myself justice on those wall-cards; as the man in the cartoon said, they all look like something written by Ezra Pound.) If I could clearly distinguish the *Regus Patoff* under the spinning wheel, I felt I was all right.

But with these new lenses, Regus Patoff is too easy. And a whole new panorama is now in view. They've put Rockefeller Center there specially for his patients' benefit. There are all sorts of things in Rockefeller Center that can be used as ocular adminicles. My suggestion is, can you read, from Dr. Fitzgerald's office, the sign FRENCH LINE at the 5th Avenue corner. Or the time on the Paramount Clock at Times Square. These are more interesting than CPR-BVDX on a card.

Better still, I've just thought of a real test for the new glasses. I'm going South, quite a long way. If I can see the peak of Chimborazo. Last time, I couldn't.

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## A Collector

One rainy autumn night, when we were living in an apartment in the city, I had a queer adventure. My wife and I were going to the theatre, and I found that before starting downtown there was just time to walk round to the neighborhood cigar store, at Broadway and 80th, for a pack of cigarettes.

I came up the dark side street and into the light of the shop windows, pulling some coins from my pocket to see if I had the exact change. Just as I did so a young man came round the corner from Broadway. Both our heads were down against the rain and we almost collided. He was tall, neatly dressed and unusually alert looking. To my surprise he said politely "I wonder if you could spare me something? I'm crazy for a smoke."

I was partly surprised, and partly annoyed, for he was distinctly better dressed than I; particularly I noticed his smart loose-cut overcoat. But it's hard to refuse a touch when you are caught with money actually in your hand. And there's a kind of fellow-feeling among smokers.

"I'll blow you to a smoke," I said. "What do you want, Chesties?"

"As a matter of fact I'd rather have a pipe," he said. "*Serene* is my mixture."

I was still a bit wary, for I felt in some way that I was being taken for a ride. But I was interested, because Serene is a tobacco that has never been advertised and is only smoked by experienced fumigators. "Step in the doorway out of the rain," I said. As we stood there I took out my package of tobacco and he filled his pipe. It was a handsome briar; and like his overcoat a better one than mine.

"I'm surprised to see a fellow like you come down to panhandling," I said.

He said he was looking for a job but there was only one kind of thing he was really good at. Of course I asked what.

"I'd like a job in the book business," he said.

Now I really was interested. I asked him some questions and found that he knew what he was talking about. "Maybe I can help," I said. "I'm in the book business myself, in a way. I'll give you a note to a friend of mine."

From his vest pocket he pulled out a sheaf of little paper slips, neatly cut to the exact size of calling cards. Each one had his name and address written on it in pencil. On the back of one of these I scribbled a message to a certain publisher. I bought him a package of Serene and we were about to part. We shook hands, and since he had given me his name I felt it only decent courtesy to mention my own.

"You're not *Christopher* Morley?" he said. "For pete's sake, you're just the man I want. Say, is that misprint on page 74 absolutely essential in a first issue of *The Haunted Bookshop?*"

"I'm sorry," I said; "they tell me it is, but I don't know much about those first editions."

"Well I'm certainly glad to see you," he went on. "I've rather specialized on your stuff. I had the copy of Songs for a Little House with the quotation opposite the title-page, and the 1918 Shandygaff with that blurb you wrote yourself for the wrapper; and say, that first little book of poems you wrote at Oxford, The Eighth Sin. Boy, that item's a honey. I got my copy from the Yale University Library."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You've been a sportsman," he said. "I won't lie to you. I'm a Book Thief. A damned good one, too; I don't just steal stuff at random, I make it my business to know what's worth while. I've got a big respect for your stuff, it has resale value. There's some of your books I'll bet I've made more money out of than you have yourself."

I was rather speechless by this time.

"There's nothing in it in the long run," he said. "They get you, sooner or later. I've just come back from two years up at the Big House. I'm going straight now. This street-work is just to see me through till I can land a job."

He told me some of the details of his profession; how he had the town mapped into certain routes; this evening just happened to be his night for upper Broadway. "A bad night for it," I suggested.

"Not a bit," he said. "I got you, didn't I? Of course you're easy, it sticks out all over you. Wet nights people feel sympathetic. Why don't you follow me down the street and watch me work."

I was sorry I couldn't; I explained I had an engagement. He was just leaving, and turned back. "I almost forgot," he said. "In case you don't believe me, have a look at this overcoat. These leather pockets inside the lining, all fixed up to slip books in. This big one, that's where I put the Rackham illustrated edition of Where the Blue Begins. I guess they won't forget that at the Hartford Public Library."

We said goodbye and although there was some subsequent correspondence I haven't seen him again. I've often wondered what has become of my most methodical collector.

## Errata

Sorry for misprint in last week's Green. The date of that issue of the *Moscow News* was June 17, and not, as printed, June 1.

An even more sombre slip (if we may say so) was in Double-Crostic No. 123, the answer to which was given last week as EDMUND LEAR. If David McCord, great Edward Lear enthusiast, ever sees that, he will never let us hear the last of it. We assume that our much admired Mrs. Kingsley was unconsciously misled by thinking of Edmund in the play *King Lear*. An interesting example of error by association unawares; therefore condoned as valuable to psychology.

## Jane Austen

(*Continued from page 4*)

—have an astounding vitality. Only Fanny Price is unvital, and Fanny does not, to my mind at least, come off. Elizabeth Bennett and Emma have a Shakespearean, gallant, calm uncoyness. These two heroines diffuse themselves through the pages with such extraordinary brilliance that it is difficult to believe they are not in the room. Anne Eliot's is a vitality of the heart: she has Fanny's delicacy and recessiveness, but is not at any moment insipid or dim; you would always know she was there. She is essentially grown-up. At a time when to be unmarried at twenty-seven tended to be either pitiable or ridiculous, she remains assured and graceful, playing the piano for the young people to dance. . . . Marianne Dashwood, though her view of life is intended to be preposterous, is lovely and moving, with her great, dark eyes. Elinor Dashwood is stodgy but has a nice humor and behaves really extraordinarily well.

*White Studio*

COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON AS DARCY IN HELEN JEROME'S "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

Anne Eliot's feeling for Captain Wentworth is the only love in the novels which is poetic. Elinor Dashwood and Fanny both make one feel they feel the young men in question do not really know what is good for them. In not one of the novels does the simple upright worldliness of the setting (it would never do to marry any young man who would never do) invalidate any emotion felt. Anti-social love is not necessarily stronger or purer in quality than social love.

Jane Austen's attitude to each of her women is different. Emma is seen, and felt, as divinely, unconsciously funny

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throughout. To see one's heroine through in a comic light, without buffooning her or devaluating her for the other characters, is an achievement. (Incidentally, Emma's feeling for Frank Churchill is an excellent study of vanity in the heart.) Fanny is not Jane Austen's type at all—she is projected, too palpably "created," a *tour de force* which does not come off. Jane Austen's love of goodness impregnates all the books, but it did not do to centre this round one character: she has rather a forced tenderness for Fanny. Elinor she liked but was not interested in; Elinor is a straight line of sanity ruled through the book, serves her purpose staunchly but remains rather abstract. Marianne she deplored, but Marianne remains moving; unforgettable is her scream of agony after getting Willoughby's fatal letter (and what a model of an unforgivable letter: "the lock of hair which you so obligingly bestowed on me"). . . . Elizabeth Bennett was clearly a joy to write about, to share vicissitudes with: Elizabeth and Jane Austen were kindred spirits; when Elizabeth came into being they were the same age, both going to balls. . . . Harriet was a sweet goose she had to like, Jane Fairfax intimidated her as much as she intimidated Emma, Mary Crawford's charm gained her in spite of herself, Lucy Steele's vulgarity and bogus emotion afflicted her as it did Elinor. . . . Anne Eliot remains the beloved grown-up friend, whose sorrows are shared, whose patience is honored, whose beauty is seen. Jane Austen envelops her, unconsciously, in the greatness she had herself as a woman, the poeticness, the submissiveness, the courage that the younger novels had not yet brought into play. In "Persuasion," Nature is present, and tenderly felt: up to now it has been simply a social factor—weather.

And what weather—opportune sometimes, difficult others, a saver of situations, a precipitator of crises. Snow in Highbury, rain in Bath, the June heat of the strawberry party at Donwell, through which Jane Fairfax sets out, distracted, for home, which made Frank Churchill so cross. The gay, blowy day at Lyme Regis. What a glow from the fine day fixed for an outing—"Wednesday was fine, and soon after breakfast the barouche arrived. . . . Their road was through pleasant country." And, apart from the weather, what parties! Few writers' novels can hold so many, none so directly convey that (if the expression may be forgiven) a good time was had by all. She also transmits, with an extraordinary vivacity, the pleasure that people—in or out of love—take in each other's society: the charm of a new acquaintance, the surprise of a morning call, or the delight of looking at someone pretty.

No possible shade of being bored, offended, mortified, nonplussed or flattered is overlooked by her, or not faithfully rendered. She was right: her people were young, vitally young, and when one is young these things are very important. A malaise, a regret, a reverse, what one thinks of somebody, what somebody seems to think of one, either muffle or decorate an entire day. The interaction of social and personal feeling was her subject, like Proust's, and her diagnosis was as correct.

The technique of the novels is beyond praise, and has been praised. Her mastery of the art she chose, or that chose her, is complete: how she achieved it no one will ever know. Though I suppose that none of her books are flawless, I cannot think of one clumsy blunder she made. Her intellect was so immediately applied, so closely related to what it fed on, so unabstract that it seems fitter to speak of it as intelligence: it was intelligence of a sublime kind. If she did speculate, this must have been in a series of photographs. She was as sensible about ideas as she was about men; she must have had a most uncloudy mind. Any wisps of reverie floating about in it got solidified into little touches in books. She was, in fact, the rightly adjusted person. . . . The kind of novel generally called intellectual is thin in texture, so that the anxious operation of the intellect shows. Because as a story it does not quite come off, you feel more bound to honor the author's high intention. But Jane Austen's are the truly intellectual novels because her mind impregnates the whole of their matter, functioning in every comma, adding color, force, light.

Any great book strikes one as having imposed itself on its author. The element of invention, of ingenuity, is palpable only in secondary books. But no book imposes itself on a passive mind. Something other, outside, may command and mobilize the imagination, but the brain has to leap up to cope with this, like a swarm of post-office hands with an incoming mail. The greater the force and speed of what is happening imaginatively, the colder and closer scrutiny this must have from the brain. An artist, to be effective, has to be half critic. Fancy and reason ought to have equal strength: in Jane Austen they had, which is why she wrote what were almost perfect novels. Her wit worked well, allowing her fancy pleasure; her fancy, by not halting, brought her wit to no heavy and cold pause. Her style is balanced, like someone skating beautifully. Her exhilaration must have been tremendous: perhaps she only half knew what was going on. An artist can never be fully conscious. But neither can he cut ice if he is not an unremittingly conscious executant.

She wrote novels, and wished to write nothing else. "Yes, novels," she says in "Northanger Abbey," ". . . performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them." When she died she was not old, and might still have written more. She had been ill for some time before that, and "Sandition," which had been put away, was unfinished, which is too bad.

*The foregoing article is to constitute one of the essays in "The English Novelists," a survey of the novel by contemporary novelists edited by Derek Verschoyle and shortly to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Its author, Elizabeth Bowen, has herself won the acclaim of critics of fiction, with "The Hotel" and subsequent books.*

# The *Bounty* Again

*THE HERITAGE OF THE BOUNTY. By Harry L. Shapiro. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

THIS might almost be a *Bounty* book to end all *Bounty* books. It is the work of an anthropologist who spent twelve years studying the available records of the mutiny, the mutineers, and their descendants. Dr. Shapiro's research also included a first-hand study of the Tahitians, who supplied the female population of Pitcairn Island; the descendants of the mutineers on Norfolk Island, and, last but not least, the present-day population of Pitcairn Island.

From this formidable background of research has come a complete and scholarly book, with the added merit of possessing more warmth and human insight than some less scientific works on the subject.

"The Heritage of the Bounty" includes a careful history of the mutiny, the mutineers, and their descendants to the present time; a cultural and biological study of the people of Pitcairn, and a day-to-day account of the author's personal experience on the island.

It is ironic that, by hiding themselves in the wastes of the Pacific, the mutineers aroused such world curiosity that we now have more scientific information regarding their descendants than we have on the inhabitants of Astoria or Flatbush. This information ranges from the family brands in chickens and goats to carefully compiled, if ungallant, tables giving the average age of the females at the time of their first marriage, and average age at the birth of their first children.

It is unlikely that it will ever be given to many Pitcairn fans to make the precarious landing at Bounty Bay. To experience first-hand the thrill of mingling with the descendants of the mutineers. To share, even briefly, in their daily life and to witness the sincere sacrifices they are making to spread their faith of Seventh Day Adventism throughout the world. But to those who are denied that experience, "The Heritage of the Bounty" will give something of the feeling of having been on Pitcairn Island in the flesh. And to those who wish to know the end of the story—as far as it has gone—this should be a genuinely satisfying book.

"The Heritage of the Bounty" is illustrated with excellent and well-chosen photographs.

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# Missionaries in South America

*CRUSADERS OF THE JUNGLE. By J. Fred Rippy and Jean Thomas Nelson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press.* 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. H. Haring

THIS is a popular account of the labors of Spanish missionary friars, especially Jesuits and Franciscans, in the wild interior of South America during two and a half centuries preceding the wars of independence. It traces the ambitious attempt of the Church to subdue and civilize the primitive tribes, which inhabited the forests and open plains of the upper river systems of the Orinoco and the Amazon, in what is now the back country of the republics of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil. The important work of the Jesuits in eastern Brazil and in Paraguay is not included. Most of the area is today as primitive and untamed as it was in colonial times, and in some of it since the disappearance of the missionaries there has actually been a retrocession in population and civilization. Probably only in the Llanos of southeastern Colombia is any evangelizing effort made today commensurate with that of former times.

The volume is difficult to appraise. It is obviously not addressed to the scholar, although it contains much information not easily available in English elsewhere. Whether intended for adults or for children is sometimes not clear. In the retelling of the many stories of "divine mercy and satanic malice" which abound in the naïve chronicles and "edifying letters" of 17th and 18th century friars, there may be implicit a vein of humor; but they are told in such number, unrelieved by comment, that one wonders whether after all this is not a children's book. The authors have read very widely, in the histories of the missionary orders in America and in a variety of other books old and modern. The choice of "authorities," however, is not very selective, and there seems to be little critical appreciation of their relative value. The story in general is the friars' own story, told as they themselves would have it told, predicated upon the unquestioned acceptance of the testimony of their own chroniclers. But if most of the book is uniformly laudatory, Chapter XVIII, which pictures the moral shortcomings of some of the weaker brethren, seems in effect equally exaggerated. The contrast is disturbing. The Indian anthropology that appears in the book is rather impressionistic, reflecting the evidence of contemporary writers rather than the point of view of modern scholarship, and geographical allusions are sometimes vague or inaccurate. As in so many works relating to colonial America, the real nature of the institution called "encomienda" does not seem to be understood.

The reviewer is only too conscious that he is guilty of judging the book, admittedly popular, by standards appropriate to a work of more scientific pretensions. That the matter it contains be less superficially evaluated, and presented against a background of mature historical scholarship, is perhaps asking too much. It might however have profitably been reduced in length if made somewhat less discursive and repetitious. Common features of missionary enterprise and activity in the various American provinces are described with needless repetition. The book is nevertheless a very interesting one, agreeable and sometimes lyrical in style, and it provides the best account in English of an aspect of the conquest of aboriginal America of which Spain may justly be proud. It is attractively printed, and is illustrated by many drawings which, as the authors say in the Preface, "are not intended to be exact representations, but rather the artist's conception of what might have been." The comment may be conceivably applied to the text as well.

*C. H. Haring is professor of Latin-American history at Harvard.*

# Over the Counter

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

| *Trade Mark* | *Label* | *Contents* | *Flavor* |
|---|---|---|---|
| SING, SISTER, SING! *Vicki Baum* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.) | Novel | Doris works her way up from waitress to opera star, via several dozen beds, to make a home when the man who shot her gets out of jail. Timely death preserves romance forever. | Laura Jean Libbey |
| YOU NEVER CAN TELL *Elizabeth Sears* (Green Circle: $2.) | Novel | Slapped in the kisser, but hard, by old man Adversity, the Blair gal hitches up her culottes, daubs her pert schnozzola with talcum, and tackles the world via the love-adventure route. | Perty nice |
| PARADISE TRAIL *Wm. Mowery* (Little, Brown: $2.) | Adventure | The locale: The wilds of Canada; The hero: a square shootin' gent; The low-down: Said gent framed on a phony mail robbery hies to said open spaces to prove he ain't no crook nohow. | Canada Pale |

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# A Key Man in History

*TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER. By Edwin A. Falk. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* 1936. $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN WESTCOTT

THE span of Admiral Togo's life, from 1847 to 1934, covers completely the rise of modern Japan—her passing, in Mr. Falk's neat phrase, "from Perry to parity." And the story of his life well illustrates how this growth, in its external and political aspects, has been constantly conditioned by her weakness or strength at sea. No contrast could be more striking than that between the roughshod Western diplomacy of the 1860's, bombarding Kagoshima for the killing of an Englishman or blasting open Shimonoseki Straits with Armstrong rifles and then collecting the costs at Yokohama, and the decidedly pussy-foot diplomacy of 1932. With relative ease Europe could break down the harsh treaty terms imposed by Japan on China in 1895. Anglo-American naval strength in 1922 could still force the return of Shantung. But in 1932 it became clear that the arm of Western diplomacy had far outreached its naval support; and Japan's naval position apparently enables her to discount such interference today.

All this wider range of interest Mr. Falk gains by combining with his life of Togo the rise of Japanese sea power. And here he does an excellent piece of work, weaving much scattered source material into a consecutive story which reveals a fairly consistent Japanese naval and expansionist policy through the past fifty years. The combination follows naturally, also, from Admiral Togo's pre-eminence in his country's naval history, where he stands as a Paul Jones, Farragut, and Dewey merged in one. On the other hand, this very pre-eminence might justify a study more exclusively centered on Togo's career and character. Tenacity, fortitude, prudence such as Togo himself enjoined upon his fellow officers in his last years, selfless devotion to the Empire—are these qualities, commonly attributed to the Japanese military type, all that individualize this greatest of Japanese seamen? In the narrower professional field, would not closer analysis bring out more sharply those virtues, or perhaps defects, which marked his conduct of war? Is this bushido type indigenous only, or can it be produced in any properly manured racial soil? These questions are worth answers, especially if we accept Admiral Fiske's statement in the "Foreword" of the present volume that its story carries "an awful warning" to peoples more given to self-indulgence than to self-sacrifice.

Incidentally, one may wish that one virtue of Togo, his economy of speech, had influenced his biographer's style, which in the earlier portions especially inclines to be florid and crowded. His self-indulgent readers may not pause to realize that "fingers of the arch-demon of all catastrophes reaching out to do their scorching handiwork" means simply fire, and they may not trouble to find out what he means by saying that Japan's "booming and then collapsing rival across the ocean seemed to be emasculated by a decadent wave of self-neglect." For quite another variety of English, the reader is referred to an earlier and very useful book in this same field, the authorized "Life of Admiral Togo," by Inouye.

# Uncongenial People

*FRIENDLY RELATIONS. By Audrey Lucas. Dutton.* 1936. $2.

MISS LUCAS'S novel leaves no strong imprint on the memory, but it is cleverly made and easy to read. A group of completely uncongenial people, held loosely together by family ties, are united by a common crisis in their lives—the arrival of a long-lost brother, who returns to London and professes to have made a fortune in India. Each member of the family builds his hopes on a wealth which turns out to be altogether phantasmagorical.

These people are shown to us with clearness and humor, revealed in their entirety, inside and out. Miss Lucas has a penetrating eye for character, and understands human beings of varied types. Each character stands out distinctly, differentiated from all the rest by his or her personality and peculiarities. Whether it is a tight-lipped woman missionary, a cheap London girl or a spoiled rich man's son that she is describing, Miss Lucas makes a convincing character. Quite usual upper middle-class women and men are individualized with equal care and shrewdness; the children, the servants, the charwomen are real; even a cat is a particular personality. The characters are perhaps a little too neatly tied and docketed, too tightly held within the bounds Miss Lucas has allowed them, but they are quite adequate to the needs of the story.

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WHAT did Lily Langtry's butler say when he poured champagne down the front of Lily's gown?

HOW did Anna Gould get the evidence for her divorce from Boni de Castelane?

CAN SOMEONE please tell me what it was that Mrs. Ferdinand Blumenthal, right in the middle of the luncheon celebrating her marriage to the Duc de Montmorency, said which convulsed all of fashionable Europe? I'm in a twitter to know. Cleo.

WHAT happened when Countess Nostitz and General Wrangle danced in front of the King of Bulgaria?

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# What the Man Will Read

*STORIES FOR MEN. An Anthology by Charles Grayson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

ON counting up afterwards, it turns out that only four of these thirty-five stories are reprinted from *Esquire;* curious, because the *Esquire* tone dominates the collection. Perhaps this is owing to the editor's breezy little introductions, done in the manner of the master of ceremonies at a night club. For instance:

> Part of the reason why this book is so colossal is that each story in a particular field is by the best man in that field. Naturally, then, the crime detection story is by Dash Hammett.

More likely it is because *Esquire* has capitalized the masculine escape formula, which had been worked out before. Usually this formula, which can be described as being tough vicariously, is attributed to Ernest Hemingway; and Hemingway is represented here by a bull-fighting story from 1927. Current practitioners include W. R. Burnett, James M. Cain, James T. Farrell, Michael Fessier, Horace McCoy, Louis Paul, Damon Runyon, Joel Sayre, and the editor's friend Dash Hammett. Describe the actions, report the conversation, but never analyze the mind, of a cop or a gangster or a prize-fighter or a motor-cycle racer engaged in activities which the reader would not have the nerve to undertake, and you have produced a sample of masculine escape literature. Of course the formula can result in good stories or bad stories, depending on who uses it; and most of the stories Mr. Grayson has collected are good; in fact he hasn't let a sour note creep in; but to put so many of them together is overdoing it. One sees why a magazine which specializes in vicarious toughness is regarded as a good advertising medium for men's "athletic" underwear.

It would be unfair to imply that all thirty-five of the stories follow the formula, merely because they were all written by Americans and all during the last ten years, except one, a narrative composed by H. L. Mencken, no less, at the age of nineteen. Indeed, against the toughness of the general background, certain individual pieces are thrown into relief: the stories by Stephen Vincent Benét, George Milburn, and James T. Thurber are original and excellent (in justice, we should say that Mr. Milburn's is one of the four from *Esquire*); the stories by Erskine Caldwell, William Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe, are at least characteristic of individual writers and not of an editor; and Ring Lardner's "Harmony" is as good now as it was when Grover Alexander was pitching the Cardinals to a world's series. Besides these, Mr. Grayson has overlooked neither slicks nor pulps in the effort to find new names. The result is certainly your money's worth, even if the amount of red meat gives you indigestion.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 124)

WALTON—
"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

I will not forget the doctrine . . . Socrates taught his scholars that they should not think to be honored so much for being philosophers, as to honor philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling.

# The Criminal Record

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE CASE OF THE UNCONQUERED SISTERS<br>*Todd Downing*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Archaic Mexican skeleton turns out to be recently killed American prof. Hugh Rennert gets the killer in super-jig time. | Satisfactorily sinister blend of Mexican lore and scenery, swift action, and—barring one dubious minor bit—class A sleuthing. | Good |
| ARMED WITH A NEW TERROR<br>*Theodora Du Bois*<br>(Houghton Mifflin: $2.) | Scientist's family die from poison, fire, electricity, gas, with comedy cops gyrating and young medico spotting the criminal. | Unusually good dialogue, pleasant bit of romance, some chilling bits and an old but always new solution. | Above average |
| BRING 'EM BACK DEAD<br>*David Hume*<br>(Appleton-Century: $2.) | The peerless Cardby and Son (mostly son) follow trail of escaped French convict to lurid end in England. | Not many surprises here but Mick and his father are engaging and their scrapes are many and exciting. | Agreeable |
| MR. STRANG<br>*Carroll John Daly*<br>(Stokes: $2.) | Gent who has it in for evils of parole system kills and kills and kills 'til 17 tommy slugs stop him. | The present day system of paroling murderous mugs must be pretty bad to inspire yarn like this one. | Just *killing!* |

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# The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE a fondness for Irish poetry—I shall not say "weakness," for I believe Irish writers to be the most naturally gifted in literary style of any in the world. It is a distinct pleasure therefore to examine the work of an Irish poet new to me who, though not yet forty, presents to us in America his "Collected Poems." The introduction to the book, written by my friend Padraic Colum, is interesting and informing. Mr. Colum dwells upon Mr. Austin Clarke's ("Collected Poems": Macmillan) use of assonance in the place of full rhyme. He quotes Mr. Clarke as writing: "Assonance takes the clapper from the bell of rhyme," and, without referring to Campion or Milton, Mr. Colum cites an Irish critic of some thirty years ago, William Larminie, who declared that "the unnecessary burden of rhyme" should—as Mr. Colum puts it—"be shed from poetry in English." The introducer contends that Mr. Clarke has created a new pattern in verse through assonance, and I agree with his contention. He also, as is pointed out, creates in the Gaelic mode. "The Ireland between legend and modern history," is his native heath. He also feels, with Unamuno, that he has within him the medieval soul. He is an innovator who freshly combines, or blends, the old and the new. His range is striking, inasmuch as he has written narrative, poetic comedy, miracle play, and lyrical poetry.

Not as the best example of this poet's style, but as the briefest, I shall quote here

THE LOST HEIFER

*When the black herds of the rain were grazing*
*In the gap of the pure cold wind*
*And the watery hazes of the hazel*
*Brought her into my mind,*
*I thought of the last honey by the water*
*That no hive can find.*

*Brightness was drenching through the branches*
*When she wandered again,*
*Turning the silver out of dark grasses*
*Where the skylark had lain,*
*And her voice coming softly over the meadow*
*Was the mist becoming rain.*

It is interesting also to notice the poet's adroit use of interior rhyme and half-rhyme. As for his handling of narrative, "The Cattledrive in Connaught" is as realistic as any verse-tale of Masefield's, its dialogue as immediate. And there is the additional idiom peculiar to the Irish in their native speech. Take this from "The Planter's Daughter":

*Men that had seen her*
*Drank deep and were silent,*
*The women were speaking*
*Wherever she went—*
*As a bell that is rung*
*Or a wonder told shyly,*
*And O she was the Sunday*
*In every week.*

The descriptive detail of Mr. Clarke's long poems is fascinating and the manner of narration direct and vivid, pared of poeticisms. It is true, I think, that no one not thoroughly Irish can appreciate as deeply such poetry as those that are. But at least we can recognize a new poet of beauty and power when we chance on him. Austin Clarke is such. There are notes that some of his poems need, and have, in the back of the book. There are references in respect to which we do not easily grasp the full significance, having its roots so deep in Irish life and lore. But there are spiritedly told stories in rhythm and beguiling cadences here for everyone.

A young American poet with whose books I am forever getting behindhand, through no design of my own, is Norman Macleod. I should have reviewed his "Thanksgiving before November" ere this. It is published by The Parnassus Press of New York, designed and printed by Lew Ney at 301 Adams Street, Brooklyn. It is dedicated to Lincoln Kirstein. Most of the poems have appeared in English or in French, Russian, German, Italian, Spanish, or Japanese translation—in various of the smaller magazines principally. Mr. Macleod is a radical, and his more revolutionary poetry manages to retain—as some revolutionary poetry does not—a manner of writing that sharply distinguishes it from prose. He writes of earlier memories also, in the first part of his book. And in the last poem in the book, "Fishermen of San Pedro," the story of a strike, makes laconic prose do the work of poetry effectively. Also his "Mill Workers" and his "Coal Strike" are real and have force. As for the Great City, against which so many poets have blunted their pens, I call the following a notable free verse poem about it:

RED FURNACE

*The lateral trellis of Brooklyn Bridge*
*Arches its back like an infuriated cat,*
*And we are close to be thrown*
*Into the aerial outskirts of a sky*
*Hobnailed with stars on the heel of heaven.*
*Let us never recoil to the dark*
*Thoroughfares of terror! The El,*
*A quadruple snake that whips*
*The steel of its tail around*
*Corners to the visible vestibule*
*Of skyscrapers (elevators rocketing*
*Electric grooves to a loft*
*Where windows blaze scorched eyes).*
*Defiance of the sky and earth's*
*Poverty about us.*
*Escape, we think*
*Or madness will be bright in our bones,*
*The nerves' perilous torch of insanity.*
*And we will blow*
*This city to a cunning hell*
*And, hands outstretched,*
*Collect a cluster of broken*
*Skyscrapers like an aster*
*Of snowflakes, before it melts*
*In the red furnace of our hearts.*


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# The New Books

## Belles Lettres

*THE SCRIPT OF JONATHAN SWIFT AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Shane Leslie. University of Pennsylvania Press.* 1935. $1.50.

Third in a distinguished sequence (his predecessors were Christopher Morley and Lawrence C. Wroth), Shane Leslie visited the University of Pennsylvania a year ago January as Rosenbach fellow in bibliography. There are no snakes in Ireland, but there are book-collectors skilled in the intricacies of bibliography and bibliographers capable of resolving human equations, and not least among these is Mr. Leslie. His three Rosenbach lectures are here assembled in a thin but meaty octavo—but why, one may ask, more than a year after their oral publication?

Mr. Leslie's discussion of "The Script of Jonathan Swift" explodes the theory, beloved of cataloguers, that Swift ever employed a disguised hand. The canon of his verse is a sufficiently involved affair without this romantic addendum; the text is now undergoing searching critical classification at the hands of Harold Williams, who edited a definitive "Gulliver" for the First Edition Club a few years since, and Mr. Leslie urges "all Swiftians in the continent of America to let us have word either of their own possessions in MS or broadsheet or of their private studies" in the furthering of this endeavor.

"The Rarest Irish Books" is a necessarily discursive essay that is none the less entertaining on that account, even if it was Thomas Lynch, Jr., not John, who signed the Declaration of Independence and thereby severely complicated the difficulties of the autograph collector. "Saint Patrick's Purgatory" is concerned more with the mutation of folklore into legend and religious tradition than with bibliography, but it is bookish enough to merit inclusion in the series. The papers are instinct with wit, charm, and scholarship.

J. T. W.


NOT

*for the average reader but likely to be of especial interest to readers of "The Saturday Review of Literature"*

A novel which has been called "an autobiography of a soul," for it consists of a man's seeking in his own character and the experiences of his youth, for the psychological motives that impelled him to commit a murder. "It is almost as though one has stumbled across, for the first time, James Joyce's 'Ulysses'," says the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. "A most unusual book: sensitive, powerful, a sort of 'Main Street' covering the world . . . done with beauty and meaning," says *Louis Adamic*. "A novel of genuine originality . . . a highly original mind at work," writes *Louis Kronenberger* (in the *New York Times*). $2.50

A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks

BY AKSEL SANDEMOSE

*A Borzoi Book*

*Published by Alfred A. Knopf*


## Fiction

*BURN, CANDLE, BURN. By Harriet Henry. Harpers.* 1936. $2.

This is a negligible book, one written, it would seem, to be made into a movie, a movie of the ordinary vapid kind, with a slender blond heroine, a hero with a square-cut chin, and the course of true love running into obstacles. So shallow a reality inspires the characters that they give one less impression of life than the vague figures of the usual film; they are close kin to the falsely glamorous beings drawn or painted for advertisements.

Better handled, the theme of the book might have been interesting. A young girl who has been aware from childhood of the tragedy of her mother's marriage, determines to keep herself aloof from emotion and the kind of suffering men seem to her to bring women; her preconceived notions of life almost spoil her response to a deep and genuine love. It would take more subtlety than Miss Henry displays to make a good book out of her heroine's psychological complications; what she has actually produced is a cheaply emotional novel that is ready-made for Hollywood.

C. C.

*THE CAT. By Colette. Farrar & Rinehart.* 1936. $1.50.

The conception of a cat as a serious rival of a woman for the affections of her husband is singularly Gallic. Many people on this side of the ocean would also find it a trifle galling. Somehow the tempo of American life, restive as it is, makes room for cats and wives. The French tempo makes rooms apparently for cats and/or wives. Take the indigenous expression—"not room enough to swing a cat in." Here you have the true Anglo-Saxon approach.

But this, we suppose, is being unfair to Colette whose skill and artistry need no defense. Once you assume her premise, and are willing to go along with her, you find her turning out as neat and sensitive a story as there is. In this brief narrative she is again acutely responsive to emotional nuance, to the very real, as well as to the fantastic, shadows of human relationships. Her picture of Camille, the young bride, is as penetrating as her picture of Alain, the young bridegroom, is peculiar. This is not to deny the existence of the Alains in this world; it is merely to deplore it mildly. Whether they are sick, or deficient, or consciously vindictive, requires the testimony of the expert. The fact remains that the world in mass is too much for them, and seemingly too remote for any possible adjustment. They belong not with the society of people. They belong, apparently, with the society of cats, wherever that may flourish and abide.

R. S.

*EAST INDIAMAN. By Frank Pollard. Little, Brown.* 1936. $2.

Back roll the years as Mr. Pollard's salty novel lands us in eighteenth century London by way of Blackwall Stairs. Masts and rigging hedge the Thames; London Bridge rumbles with coach traffic. Big-wigged shipowners and mariners in buff-and-blue uniforms head for Fleet Street coffee houses and Bloomsbury mansions. It is all very real. Sitting at table with these honest profiteers, we damn the Jacobin sentiment that will be the nation's downfall, and drink in smuggled port a toast to the Honorable East India Company.

Mr. Pollard writes deftly and objectively, his tongue in his cheek, his eye on the record. Humorous, thick-skinned, cynical, his book is a comedy of manners which rings uncommonly true to the hard-headed society that prospered under George III. The story of a wealthy young second mate's intrigue with a pretty servant, and marriage with a haughty spinster, it takes us down to the seas again before the adventures are over. Mr. Pollard is not out for bloodshed. His theme is the stately old Indiaman, rolling along in peaceful splendor in an age when privilege and the chain of stations extended even to the sea.

W. D.

*THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER. By George Orwell. Harpers.* 1936. $2.

It is a relief to come upon a novel that is definitely set apart from the usual, manufactured run of novels, to find one that is written by a truly gifted writer who brings to it all the honest strength at his command. Such a book has a vigor and organic unity that distinguishes it clearly as an original work; it is as different from that feeble copy of literature, the average novel, as an etching is from a photostat.

Mr. Orwell writes with the harsh real-

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ism peculiar to those who have unusually acute sensuous perceptions. His curious story moves against shifting backgrounds, each one in its own way sordid, each one with its vivid and unpleasant character. It is a story without a love interest, and weariness and hunger play the roles usually occupied by longing and desire. For all its realism of scene, its sharp rendering of touch and smell, of discomfort and hardship, it is not in a fundamental sense a "realistic" novel. The story of the country clergyman's daughter who loses her memory and awakens to find herself in London, penniless in an alien and sordid world, is made altogether credible, but the writing that makes it so is of exactly the variety that can sometimes give fantasy concreteness. The passages in the book which have grown out of the author's own experience, notably the description of hop-picking in Kent, are not set down photographically but have been, as it were, re-imagined and fused into the story. Mr. Orwell has an imaginative ability that re-creates actuality and gives solidity to his inventions.

C. C.

*NO LETTERS FOR THE DEAD. By Gale Wilhelm. Random House.* 1936. $2.

It would be easy, and true, to say of Miss Wilhelm's second novelette that it is a beautiful tale most beautifully told, but she deserves a keener criticism. She has a subtle and flowering talent, she is a conscious craftsman in this day of hot, anxious writing, and she will want to know what the uneasiness is which comes between us and her work. It is as we see it, due to the formal quality of the work itself, its literary preciousness. Miss Wilhelm is far too preoccupied with the shaping and stylizing of her material; the marks of the chisel are everywhere apparent. Sometimes this is the very technique to employ, but not in such a story as this one: of a woman forced by circumstances into prostitution, and of her unremitting struggle to maintain integrity and grace under pressure of that brutalizing life. The vitality of such a story depends upon its realism, be it of one sort or another, upon honest documentation. To make a rounded, artful legend of it, Miss Wilhelm has sloughed off all roughness and explicit ugliness, and presented it obliquely, the woman's sadness, her courage, with reminiscent suggestion of those trials she bears in chapters unwritten. But because they are unwritten her trials, sadness, whole life, are unreal to us, and we regard the story as a beautiful, distant pantomime, vaguely seen through a glass. There is news that Miss Wilhelm is working upon a novel of larger proportion. We look forward to it, in the hope that it will extend her and break down those limits within which she has been working.

N. L. R.

## International

*CHINA CHANGES. By Gerald Yorke. Scribners.* 1936. $2.50.

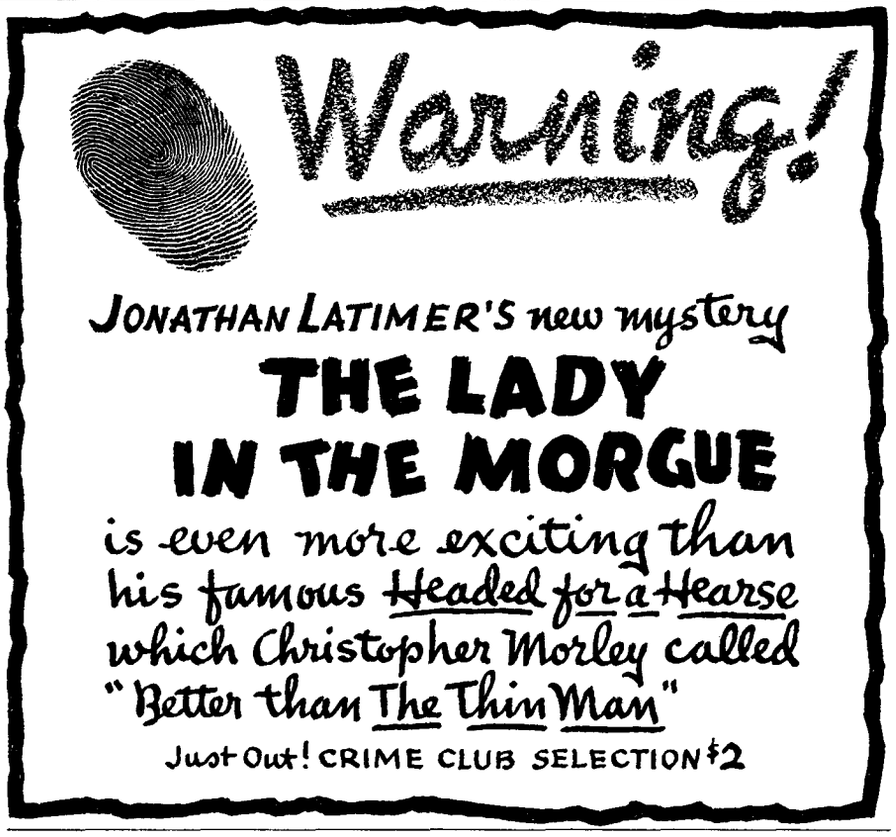
China Changes—this is indeed a fact; and no one volume which I have read conveys to Western readers the catalogue of changes more vividly than does Mr. Yorke's record of his journeys shown on the map, which forms a frontispiece to his book, by a wide red line running from north to south and from east to west in an intricate design. Nor is Mr. Yorke the ordinary observer who travels in a conventional manner. Acting as Reuter's correspondent he undertook his first journey in conjunction with the "party chosen by the Chinese Government to inspect the dyke systems of the Yangtse and Hwai river valleys which had just been rebuilt as a result of the disastrous floods in 1931." The pen portraits drawn of his fellow travelers characterize them with a sure—if possibly unduly frank—touch, while Occidentals and Orientals, their foibles and their virtues, are shrewdly contrasted.

The next excursion the author undertakes is to Jehol. He states: "I wanted to witness the clash between Western efficiency as represented by the Japanese army, and Eastern government as it was found in Jehol." He further asks: "Are the Chinese students who are taught college yells such as:

Hua Hua Hu
Yip Yip Zoo
Yell Yell for Soochow U
Hua Hua Hu

yet prepared to risk their lives in an attempt to postpone the imposition of an alien culture by a people whom they affect to despise?" Whether or not the students are prepared Mr. Yorke found that units of the Chinese army were, and he gives a spirited account of how the

(*Continued on next page*)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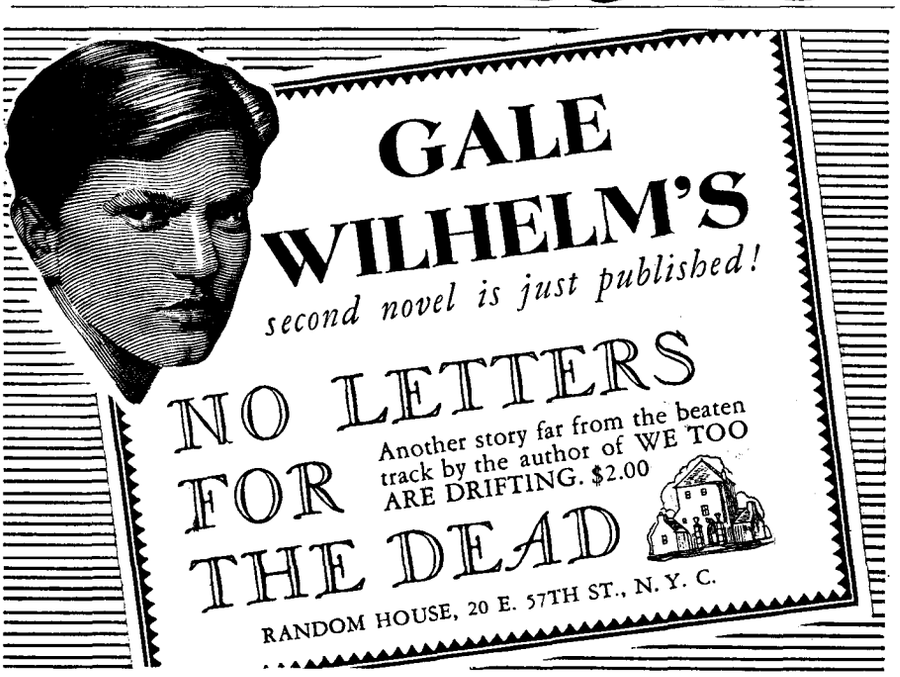
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## The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

621st regiment defended Horse Paddock Pass. An heroic defence of which the world has heard nothing.

The book is, however, no mere record of wars; several delightful chapters deal with monastic life and Buddhist meditational practices, while all current events seem to form a pattern in the author's mind against the background of his own unusual point of view. An illuminating volume!

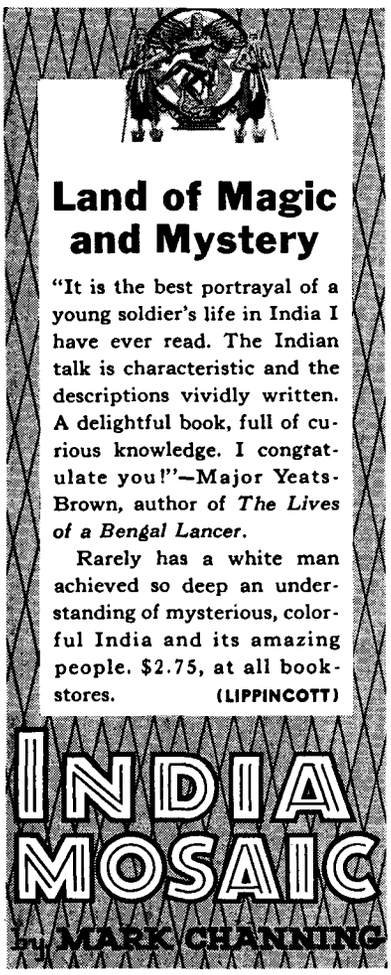
F. A. MacN.

## Travel

*BALI AND ANGKOR or Looking at Life and Death. By Geoffrey Gorer. Little, Brown.* 1936. $3.

The young English author of "Africa Dances" set out to see the East, and had, apparently, a most wretched time despite the luxury in which he travelled. Sumatra, Java, Bali, Indo-China, the Malay States, and Siam slipped by him like a monotonous frieze on one of the temples he derides. There was no time to observe color or catch the pulse of the people, in those three bilious months. There were his theses of Art and "Mystical Energy" to be correlated by whatever bias detailed reporting plus fanciful deduction might indicate.

Mr. Gorer has given us nothing new, unless it be his personal opinion on ethics, communism, drugs, anti-vivisection, and art. The guide books outdo him in conscientious description of the "the second story surmounts the first and is connected by a stairway" sort. Had he included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INDIA MOSAIC
by MARK CHANNING


# Double-Crostics: No. 125

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | ■ | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | ■ | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | ■ | 17 | ■ | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | ■ | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | ■ | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | ■ | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 |
| ■ | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | ■ | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | ■ | 54 | 55 | 56 | ■ | 57 |
| 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | ■ | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | ■ | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | ■ |
| 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | ■ | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | ■ | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | ■ | 84 | 85 |
| 86 | 87 | ■ | 88 | ■ | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | ■ | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | ■ |
| 99 | 100 | 101 | 102 | 103 | 104 | ■ | 105 | 106 | 107 | 108 | 109 | ■ | 110 | 111 | 112 | 113 |
| 114 | 115 | ■ | 116 | 117 | 118 | ■ | 119 | 120 | 121 | 122 | ■ | 123 | 124 | 125 | 126 | 127 |
| 128 | 129 | 130 | ■ | 131 | 132 | 133 | ■ | 134 | 135 | 136 | 137 | 138 | ■ | 139 | 140 | 141 |
| ■ | 142 | 143 | 144 | 145 | ■ | 146 | 147 | 148 | 149 | 150 | 151 | ■ | 152 | 153 | 154 | 155 |
| 156 | 157 | ■ | 158 | 159 | 160 | ■ | 161 | 162 | 163 | 164 | 165 | 166 | 167 | 168 | ■ | 169 |
| 170 | 171 | 172 | 173 | 174 | 175 | 176 | 177 | 178 | 179 | 180 | ■ | 181 | 182 | 183 | 184 | 185 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS — WORDS

| | |
|---|---|
| I. Bellowing. | 53 59 168 70 82 132 72 |
| II. Having power over fire. | 37 44 2 166 113 58 50 74 139 69 |
| III. Notorious Tammany Ring. | 151 145 183 7 165 |
| IV. Official Chair of authority. | 184 17 128 51 85 76 121 88 |
| V. Obstinately narrow. | 117 14 146 108 46 135 48 65 169 |
| VI. Mezzanine. | 115 55 80 107 52 25 118 60 |
| VII. A shutdown. | 39 27 180 95 125 91 |
| VIII. Learned. | 22 97 171 105 156 33 101 130 |
| IX. Of the best quality (colloq., comp.). | 12 175 137 18 159 123 26 104 56 |
| X. Narrow and undiversified (comp.). | 140 98 120 36 102 30 62 155 |
| XI. Restoration actress (2 words). | 13 129 71 41 4 57 75 143 |
| XII. Group of nations under one rule. | 181 174 94 100 182 23 |
| XIII. Floundered. | 119 3 63 114 90 134 177 10 |
| XIV. Irreconcilables. | 106 176 185 86 131 68 35 77 66 111 167 141 8 |
| XV. Vaudeville (comp.). | 32 84 47 54 61 127 158 |
| XVI. Large pieces. | 81 136 164 142 93 |
| XVII. Offered. | 15 147 43 109 78 153 21 178 |
| XVIII. Characterized by small heights. | 73 64 28 38 154 40 96 172 79 |
| XIX. A firth. | 5 24 92 67 150 173 34 |
| XX. Cardinal in "Henry VIII." | 116 112 179 89 126 83 |
| XXI. In a futile manner. | 19 157 124 148 99 170 103 162 42 45 6 29 16 |
| XXII. Bestowal of patronage on relatives. | 31 149 110 144 160 11 9 20 |
| XXIII. Panhandlers (comp.). | 138 122 163 133 152 87 1 49 161 |

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clearer and more numerous photographs he might have saved himself approximately one hundred pages of text. He has written a "travel" book by adding a dash of geography to as strange a miscellany of theoretical cultch as has ever been swirled into book covers.

He examines the "symmetrical mess" of the Borobodur temple in Java; he expatiates on Balinese music after correctly warning the reader that he is incompetent to discuss it; he visits the "absurd" and "silly little buildings" of the Banteai Srei temples near Angkor to suggest that their lovely sculpture was drug-incited. Lengthily interlarding these episodes is such a variety of naive digressions as to leave the reader wondering for what possible audience the book as a whole is intended.

As a tale of travel (when one has cut it away from theory) it suffers from as many inaccuracies as a three months' trip can well inflict on an alien mind. The role of the evil spirits at the Balinese cremation is incorrectly reported, unless that centuries-old custom has been changed since we lived there. The native musical instruments are not entirely percussive, as the author claims, for the "rebab," the little violin, and the reed fife are common. Nor do the participants in the fearful Kris Dance prevent bleeding by any application of "Mystical Energy" they bleed like pigs.

H. D.

## Brief Mention

A monumental volume of historical and architectural interest is *Pre-Revolutionary Dutch Houses and Families in Northern New Jersey and Southern New York* by Rosalie Fellows Bailey. "This early Dutch architecture," the author says, "is the only indigenous architecture before the skyscraper appeared" (William Morrow, $18). * * * Those attracted by authentic records of the past will find not only interesting but charming the true diary of a little Quaker girl, called *Mary Paxson: Her Book*, 1880-1884. It is an authentic picture of American life in the period, a good book to quote from (Doubleday, Doran, $1). * * * Lucius Humphrey's *It Shall Be Done Unto You* is called "a technique of thinking." It is a guide to correct living in philosophic and religious terms (Richard R. Smith, $2.50). * * * A popular book on the Renaissance has been written by that historical stand-by, F. Funck-Brentano (Macmillan, $2.50). * * * *Missions Tomorrow* is the subject of a book by a distinguished authority on missionary work, Kenneth Scott Latourette (Harper, $2.00). * * * A useful book for American historians is Richard Francis Upton's *Revolutionary New Hampshire* (Dartmouth College Publications, Hanover, N. H., $3.00); for the musical, *Lives of the Great Composers* edited by A. L. Bacharach (Dutton, $2.50). * * * A meaty pamphlet has just been issued in the already distinguished Headline Books published by the Foreign Policy Association. This one by T. A. Bisson and Ryllis Alexander Goslin is called *Clash in the Pacific* and deals with China and Japan in their world relationships (Grosset & Dunlap, 35 cents).


## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

**SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES,** Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. **Booklet R on** request.

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**SCHOOL TEACHER,** Jewish, interested in simple pleasures, intelligent living, travel, and genuine people; would welcome correspondence with gentleman 30-35. Box 482-B.

**LEAVING FOR EUROPE** first week of October. Let me wind up that exasperating bit of business which doesn't quite warrant the sending of a man solely for its execution; luggage, personal belongings traced, returned; villas inspected, research, any subject; photographs, etc. References. Box 483-B.

**TO NOTIFY** those who were his friends that William Watrous Deats died Aug. 2nd at Barryville, N. Y. Box 485-B.

**MAN, 40,** having unusual insight into human problems, inner conflicts and maladjustments, and with unique method for effecting rapid self-correction—offers services to school or college as student counsellor; or to corporation as personnel problem adviser. Remuneration secondary. Box 486-B.

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**FORGOTTEN** man-hattanite, 34, direly needs stimulating correspondence. Jack.

**EXPERIENCED WOMAN WRITER,** news, features, fiction, former secretary to Sat. Eve. Post writer, wishes position with publisher or editor. College graduate. Personality affirmed pleasing. Box 488-B.

**YOUNG MAN,** single, quiet, refined, would correspond with young lady, also single, quiet, refined. Box 489-B.

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## PERSONALS

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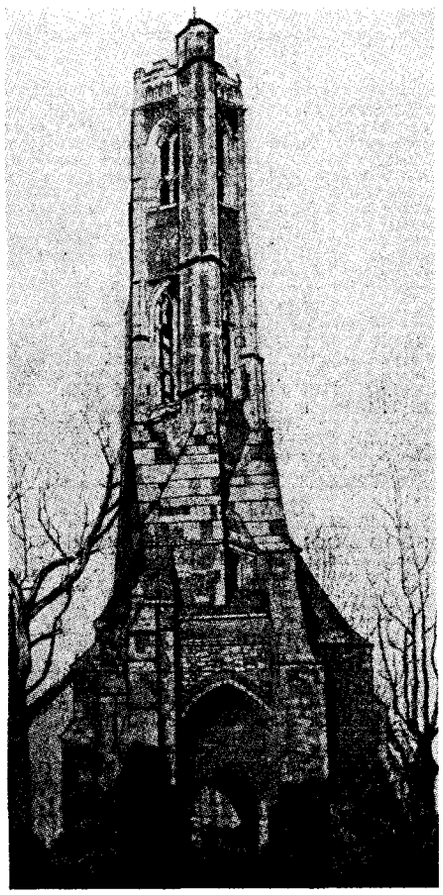
# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Looking about for an illustration which would help to shorten toil and appropinquate his holiday, old soldiering Q. found just what he wanted in the bulletin of the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan, American representatives). ☞It is a drawing of Greyfriars' Tower, King's Lynn (Norfolk, England). ☞It is reproduced from the



3rd volume of Dr. G. G. Coulton's *Five Centuries of Religion*, a history of monasticism. ☞We do not know who is the artist of this lovely picture, but it is just the shape liked best by those who work in narrow columns of print. ☞And speaking of columns, what a charming essay is Goudy's *The Trajan Capitals*, a study of the lettering on the Trajan Column (c. 113 A.D.) in Rome, and a reproduction of Mr. Goudy's new alphabet of type inspired by those bold Roman majuscules. This little book, printed for the Oxford Press by William E. Rudge's Sons, will give much pleasure to lapidarians and typophiles. ☞Mr. Goudy quotes an excellent remark of one great schoolmaster to another (Sam Parr to Sam Butler)—"It is all very well to say that Soandso is a good scholar, but can he write an inscription?" ☞The average person has not any inkling of a conception of a notion of the mental focus and linguistic compression required for lapidary statement. ☞The English language, moreover, does not lend itself to that purpose.

☞We enjoyed the article in the *Nautical Gazette*, describing the new streamline ferry-boat *Princess Anne* which "plies" (the traditional word) across the wide mouth of Chesapeake Bay from Cape Charles to Little Creek (Va.) ☞Although not signed, it sounds like the good galloping prose of that fine maritime writer, Captain Felix Riesenberg, who is now back from California and putting a piano finish on his autobiography. ☞Judging by the description, this modernistic ferryboat is something to see, and we advise motorists driving suthard to go round that way. ☞Old Q., after lunching with an old crony just as bad-tempered as himself, remarked:—

*When Greek meets Greek*
*Then comes the tug of war—*
*When Grouch meets Grouch*
*They both of them get sore.*

☞Witkower's, booksellers in Hartford, Conn., for 102 years, have given their Old and Rare department the whole second floor, very pleasant quarters for ruminants. ☞An excellent quote for Dr. Heiser's *An American Doctor's Odyssey* (Book-of-the-Month for September) is Dr. Canby's remark: "One could run a newspaper column for a year from this book, just on its anecdotes." ☞Our only political manœuvre so far has been rather morbid: we hunted up the poems of the only other Landon known to fame, Letitia E. Landon (1802-1883). ☞The way we can tell whether we really like a book is, do we find ourself writing our name in it.

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